

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 1, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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**THE SPORTING COOPERS**





## Ernie Klack, famous father, gets Carter's knitted boxer shorts on June 21

Father's Day: big day for Ernie Klack. The family gives him breakfast in bed and lots of Carter's knitted boxer shorts. Ernie likes these new knitted boxers. Luxuriously comfort-

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Big-league stars, Richie Ashburn ... Sal Maglie ...  
Del Crandall ... Roy Sievers reveal their

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Bating Champion,  
discusses batting grip  
with a young admirer.*

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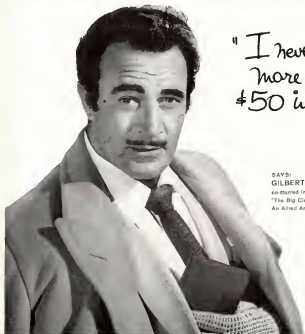
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Cover: The Gary Coopers ►

Name the sport, and chances are the outdoors-loving Coopers of Hollywood have had a fling at it. For a report on their enthusiasms, including skin-diving, turn to page 16.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Walfe



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## Next week

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



► At Winged Foot this month, Golfer Tommy Bolt will defend his U.S. Open title against the world's best golfers. Herbert Warren Wind previews the course and players.

► Memorial Day brings one of the capital events of sport—the 43rd Indianapolis 500-mile race, with 33 brave drivers and a \$500,000 purse. A report direct from trackside.

► How far is baseball's Hall of Fame? A critical appraisal by one of the lifetime greats, Washington's Joe Judge, plus a "roasting report" on the 24 players elected to it so far.

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## These books deal with a very delicate subject



The books are traditional drink recipe books. The delicate subject is how to make a Martini—probably the world's most popular (and controversial) cocktail. Controversy to the contrary, the books *do* acknowledge Gordon's Gin to be the original base of a classic Martini... as well as many other classic Gin drinks. It was the subtle dryness and delicate flavor of Gordon's Gin that inspired the Martini. First distilled in 1769—still traditionally distilled for authentic quality!



## MEMO from the publisher

TWO spirited controversies have lent a pungent bonus to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's coverage this year of one of the finest of track seasons. First: when Avery Brundage gave his peppered opinion that the U.S. is now a second-class track power, he got a less than hand rebuttal from Villanova's Jumbo Jim Elliott (SI, Feb. 2). Opposing ranks lined up quickly in the 19TH HOLE, while Dave Sims, whose flashing feet make a special point of their own in this discussion, minced no words in making some others (SI, Feb. 16).

We can relax and enjoy the second debate, because no matter which side loses, the U.S. wins. It started when Tex Maule hinted (SI, May 4) that the balance of track power has shifted from the West Coast. Two weeks later he spelled out his reasons. With the intimation that the Golden State was no longer an anchor man, transcontinental cries of anguish from readers reverberated in our New York offices. They suggested that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could not see from Rockefeller Center to the far side of the Rockies. Amid the din one writer

any other on the team that meets the Russians in July. "If," SPORTS ILLUSTRATED noted in the face of the onslaught, "the heart of U.S. track has moved east, the voice remains in California."

Fortunately, the rest of the season will settle these matters on cinders instead of paper; and I thought this a good time to mention how.

In the June 15 issue Maule will report on the big invitational meets in California and, by no coincidence, in Texas, and preview the NCAA championships in Lincoln, Neb. Next, the AAU championships at Boulder, Colo. will determine the team for the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet and should, for a while at least, resolve any remaining differences between California and Tex.

July's meet with the Russians in Philadelphia and August's Pan American Games in Chicago bring 1959 track to its climactic end—and promise good fuel for Mr. Brundage or anyone else to resume a first-class argument about who's a second-class power.

However it goes, SPORTS ILLU-



THE STADIO OLIMPICO IN ROME, WHERE ALL TRACKS LEAD IN 1960

alluded darkly to more than mere coincidence between Tex's name and where he placed "the core of U.S. strength." No loyal Californian failed to bet his fur-lined sweat shirt that his state will have more men than

TRATED will cover both arguments and events—not only for Californians and Texans, but for people around the world. For next year is an Olympic year and, even now, all tracks lead to Rome.

*Arthur Murphy*

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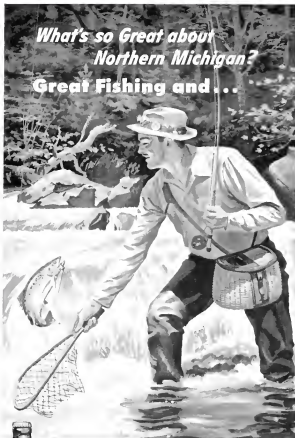


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## SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports controversies of the week

**BOYD**—history was repeating itself. In Los Angeles, Hollywood Promoter Jack Leonard advised California Commission that **Blinky Palermo's** puffing habit was not confined to newspapers and magazines. Blinky also wanted piece of Welleswright Champion Don Jordan and even enlisted aid of fugitive hoodlum **Frankie Carbo**, with whom Leonard met last January in Miami hotel. But, the Commission heard, Don **Smooch**, Jordan's manager, refused to stand still for hero and usual gangster lifestyle followed.

In New York, Heavyweight Challenger **Ismael Johnson**, who looked fat and feeble when he charged in his recently published moments that **Joe Frazier** had insisted to get himself American manager (for 10% cut) before he could fight Floyd Patterson for title, sat back and watched it spatter. New York Commission threw out application of **Buster Dushoff**, co-trainer of **Frazier** associate, for manager's license. Huffed ex-Champion **Julius Belfand**. "This whole thing stinks to high heaven,"

**TRACK & FIELD**—Things were looking up in pale vault, especially at Norman, Okla., where three collegians topped 13 feet for first time in dual meet. Oklahoma's J.D. Martin, a rangy sophomore, made his maiden voyage into once-rare atmosphere beyond 13 feet, did 15-3 1/2, but Oklahoma State's Aubrey Bosley and Jim Graham went even higher, soaring 15-5 (see below).

With temporary lull in big meet schedules, Big Ten and Pacific Coast engaged in

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING PENNS. yielded by Dr. Huggins on 1 August by 1 drag in 12 ft. water, contents: small *Manila* *Chelone* (head & limbs), & 1 *H. T. GASTRI*, about 1/2 inch long, not moving in horizontal shell, near Ventr by 2 fms. on 10/20 for 1/2 hr. water, Imagines.

[illegible]

ROSE - ROME MICHEN, 10-round drawout  
with Natchez Topcat, Americanright, San Francisco  
1323 NITEL, 10-round drawout over H-gum  
Arden, Americanright, New York  
DNEY G. LARUE, 10-round drawout over Top  
Bones, Americanright, Dallas

**WOLF**—d H A. NICKEL 1125, C'N. At Group's Annual Challenge Day, took 120 lbs for 10 mins, at 500 lbs, in a group for English Quarter  
SUNDAY 11 AM 11:30 AM, 12, continued to show the same good work, defeating Wanda Sue  
100 lbs, and 12 lbs for 10 mins, in a group's 100

**HORSE RACING** **HILLDALE** 214-4555 Hilldale, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 85

**HORSE SHOE**—CAROL HOFMANN, North Branch, N.J., is proudly posing the kitten in its fourth championship. **MUDDY M. INDIANER**, 15-month-old Philadelphia, earned title of best Jr. male, Green Is Better show.

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—EING** LE SEIKIN and Wolfgang SCHMIDT, German, topped little Porsche around curve, 665-mph average 353 1/2 mph in new Turgo Flare, Paderborn, Germany. Porsche sets new land, around and should be able to give up more points for world sports car

**LACROSSE**—PRINCETON, *see* Farnell, 5 v, *See also* *Princeton Ivy League Ath. Pubns., N. Y.*

**NOTES**  $M \leq N \leq M(1 + 3N)$ , see *N.Y. English Club*  
 1. *See* *Clifford's Challenge Cup*, *Barrow*, *N.M.*

EDGEE — WEST HAMMILL & ALBION, Experimental Director, Asplund, 2-1 St, Brooklyn, N.Y.

**TRACK & FIELD** *MILL VALLEY, Kansas*—Jordan Brown, who gave up his high school jump 12 feet, says he has been making a lot of improvement lately.

JOHN S. BOWMAN JR., son of John and  
Mary, age 12, 1220 10th St., New York City.  
JOHN S. BOWMAN JR., son of John and  
Mary, age 12, 1220 10th St., New York City.  
JOHN S. BOWMAN JR., son of John and  
Mary, age 12, 1220 10th St., New York City.

[illegible]

SPACEMEN GRAHAM, DOOLEY AND MARTIN

private battles for conference titles. At Ann Arbor, **Illinois** took wraps off Sophomore Ward Miller, who won 160 and 229 to send him on way to Big Ten honors. At Seattle, it was familiar story: **Orc** had the overall strength and scored 54 points for its 18th PCC crown.

**VENNIS** THE DAVEN CPs drums their leader's name when USLTA, meeting in Seattle to honor President J. Edgar Hoover, named 11-man preliminary squad, which will be paired to fear on July 1. No 1, of course, was Mrs. Omeda, co-writer Persson who almost single-handed brought CPs back to U.S. after years of banishment. Members: Ben Buchholz, John C. Brown, Richard B. Howard, Warren, Ben Bell, Jack Douglas, Myron Franko, Ron Holmberg, Grant Golden and Cliff Malar. Selection Committee Chairman Jim Moffitt, obviously with Captain Perry Jones's nose, also left door ajar for reluctant veterans Matt Kerkhofman, Victor Kerkhofman and John C. Burns. If they make it, one, would be remembered if they make themselves available.

Meanwhile from Australia came interesting financial report which showed 1958 challenge round at Brisbane netted \$131,340. America's share: \$81,536.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4. *Prunus* 5. *Prunus* 6. *Prunus* 7. *Prunus* 8. *Prunus* 9. *Prunus* 10. *Prunus* 11. *Prunus* 12. *Prunus* 13. *Prunus* 14. *Prunus* 15. *Prunus* 16. *Prunus* 17. *Prunus* 18. *Prunus* 19. *Prunus* 20. *Prunus* 21. *Prunus* 22. *Prunus* 23. *Prunus* 24. *Prunus* 25. *Prunus* 26. *Prunus* 27. *Prunus* 28. *Prunus* 29. *Prunus* 30. *Prunus* 31. *Prunus* 32. *Prunus* 33. *Prunus* 34. *Prunus* 35. *Prunus* 36. *Prunus* 37. *Prunus* 38. *Prunus* 39. *Prunus* 40. *Prunus* 41. *Prunus* 42. *Prunus* 43. *Prunus* 44. *Prunus* 45. *Prunus* 46. *Prunus* 47. *Prunus* 48. *Prunus* 49. *Prunus* 50. *Prunus* 51. *Prunus* 52. *Prunus* 53. *Prunus* 54. *Prunus* 55. *Prunus* 56. *Prunus* 57. *Prunus* 58. *Prunus* 59. *Prunus* 60. *Prunus* 61. *Prunus* 62. *Prunus* 63. *Prunus* 64. *Prunus* 65. *Prunus* 66. *Prunus* 67. *Prunus* 68. *Prunus* 69. *Prunus* 70. *Prunus* 71. *Prunus* 72. *Prunus* 73. *Prunus* 74. *Prunus* 75. *Prunus* 76. *Prunus* 77. *Prunus* 78. *Prunus* 79. *Prunus* 80. *Prunus* 81. *Prunus* 82. *Prunus* 83. *Prunus* 84. *Prunus* 85. *Prunus* 86. *Prunus* 87. *Prunus* 88. *Prunus* 89. *Prunus* 90. *Prunus* 91. *Prunus* 92. *Prunus* 93. *Prunus* 94. *Prunus* 95. *Prunus* 96. *Prunus* 97. *Prunus* 98. *Prunus* 99. *Prunus* 100. *Prunus*

## faces in the crowd . . .



**DOROTHY FRIEDMAN**, 26, pert, blonde senior at Omaha's Immanuel Hospital School of Nursing, was named Queen of College World Series and will present pretty picture when ballplayers come to town June 12-18.



**BOBBY JONES III**, 32, Pittsfield, Mass. Coca-Cola Bottling executive, may never reach heights attained by famous father, but his 76-73-149 was good enough to qualify in district preliminary for Open at Albany, N.Y.



**JOHN LAWLOR**, a Dublin cop until he migrated to U.S. and Boston U., recalled tradition of great Irish hammer throwers of past. His latest feat: 295-foot 8½-inch heave at Storrs, Conn. to break own college record.



**DICK BIBEARY JR.**, coached at Minnesota by his dad, longtime A's first baseman, became one of his college's leading pitchers (6-1), leading Gophers win the Big Ten baseball championship. He plans career as doctor.



**ANN BAKER**, shy Maryville, Tenn. 13-year-old, proved far from bashful when addressing golf ball. Her competent game brought her 5 and 4 win over Mrs. Don Bardinger and second Knox Area title at Oak Ridge.



**OHN MEENAN**, Navy officer star called by each best player ever to represent Midshipmen, was picked to receive Naval Academy AA word as senior showing most outstanding athletic excellence during varsity career.



**GEORGE MORRIS**, 24, youngest member of U.S. equestrian team, showed fine form in international show at Wiesbaden, was rewarded by participating East Germans with special cup as best foreign horseman.



**BEACH HAT**  
IMPORTED BY MADCAPS



**HURRICANE LAMP**  
BY ALTAMIRA



**TABLE BY**  
BRANCUSI



**BRIER PIPE BY**  
FRATELLI ROSSETTI



**FRAMES IMPORTED**  
BY LUGENE



**SOAVE BY**  
BERTANI

## FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

For everything from beach hats to brier pipes, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand. Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must taste it.

Behold the Galliano Mist . . . shaved ice in an Old Fashioned glass, splashed with 1½ ozs. of Galliano, and topped by the juice of ¼ very fresh lime.

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY  
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Milwaukee Braves dashed rising hopes that there might be a pennant race after all when they knocked off the Giants two out of three times. A strong cross wind in Seals Stadium, which should have helped the right-handed hitters facing Warren Spahn, worked just the reverse. Explained Spahn, "That wind gives you stuff you seldom get. It's resistance. It lets the ball act better." Spahnne won easily. The next night Joey Jay, who has had little success with breaking stuff, returned to his first ball and went nine innings for the first time since July. He also won easily. The San Francisco Giants continued to get sound pitching but were hurt by weak batting, of all things, Motion pictures taken of Orlando Cepeda, one of the hitting disappointments, showed that he was turning his back toward the pitcher, trying to get more power into his swing. He corrected that and is now hitting sharply again (12 for 24 ABs). The Los Angeles Dodgers are scoring lots of runs (197, most in league), just as they used to in the old Ebbets Field days, but are giving up even more (212, most in league), which they didn't used to do. The Chicago Cubs came within one percentage point of second place, and then everyone stopped hitting and the team lost four straight. A cheerful note was the pitching of Moe Drabowsky, even though he was knocked out of the box twice. "I told him to just throw the damn ball," said Manager Sheffling. "He was aiming for the corners and missing. I want him to cut out the aiming and just cut loose." After the Pittsburgh Pirates had dropped their third game in a row (making 19 errors in their last nine games), Manager Murtough read the riot act and benched Shortstop Dick Groat (six errors). The

team responded with five in a row (the last four by one-run margins). At the end of the week, the Pirates were over the .500 mark for the first time this year and resting in third place. The Cincinnati Reds' ragged pitching was just too much for the team's hitters (second best BA in league) to overcome. The Reds averaged five runs a game but the pitchers allowed six. The team plummeted from third to

## TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Pitching				
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Clay	Coleman	331	Clayton	12	McLish	5-3
Clay	Fox	259	Leiter	3	Wynn	6-2
Ball	Woodling	311	Truesdale	5	Wilhelm	4-0
Wash	Lusk	291	Kubel	15	Reamer	4-3
RC	Mancini	324	Marm	18	Gow	4-4
Bus	Conrad	325	Jordan	10	Leisen	5-1
Det	Raines	329	2 with	5	Bunning	5-2
NY	Schmied	334	Raabe	7	Laiken	4-0
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Mil	Aaron	462	Melvin	14	Burdette	7-2
LA	Tomlin	322	3 with	7	Armstrong	5-2
LA	Downs	315	Dierker	9	Koppelman	4-0
Clay	Raines	298	Binks	10	Holmes	5-3
PHI	Burgess	315	Sherrill	8	Foy	6-6
Cal	Stange	342	McMinn	9	Holmes	4-1
StL	Cuniff	338	Rosen	9	Muller	5-1
PHI	Bozinger	315	2 with	7	Mayer	3-2

sixth place. Don't look now, but the St. Louis Cardinals are the hottest team in the league. While winning seven out of their last eight games, the Cards got fabulous pitching and hard hitting. "These Cardinals are hitting so if they're thrown for a World Series," remarked Pirate Manager Murtough after his team was smashed 11-1. The Philadelphia Phillies muddled along without much hitting or pitching and extended their disastrous losing streak to eight games. Then Ruben Gomez and Gene Conley pitched shutouts, and things looked better.

Standings: Mil 23 13 SF 21 17 Chi 19 18 LA 21-20 Cal 16-21 Cl 18 21 StL 13-22 PHI 14 23

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

When the Cleveland Indians lost the lead for the first time this year, Manager Joe Gordon immediately juggled his lineup. Rookie Ray Webster replaced .288-hitter Billy Martin (who sulked in protest), and Veteran Hal Naranjo took the place of Russ Nixon (.198 BA). The Indians immediately regained first place, winning three in a row. A big factor in the surge of the Chicago White Sox (12 out of 16) has been the play of Luis Aparicio. Lendall man Luis, who has finally learned to wait out pitchers, drew 16 walks, hit safely 23 times and scored 18 runs during that streak. If the Sox are to make a real run for the pennant, Dick Donovan has to be a consistent winner. Last week he pitched



REVIVED CARDS were animated by fine pitching of Vinegar Bend Mizell (left) and Larry Jackson. Both won twice in streak

a four-hitter to win his first game in six weeks. "There's been nothing wrong with my stride or rhythm," said Donovan. "I just seem more prone to lapses in concentration this year." The amazing Baltimore Orioles got to within a game and a half of first on a lot of pitching and little hitting. (The last-place Yankees are the only team in the majors to score so few runs.) In the four games won last week, Oriole pitchers held the opposition to one run twice, shut them out twice. The Kansas City Athletics lost their leading hitter (Roger Maris, with appendicitis) but found a new starting pitcher. Ralph Terry, a big disappointment, was sent to the bullpen, and Knuckleball Reliever Bud Dunley became a regular starter. He showed his appreciation with a brilliant four-hit shutout over the White Sox. There was a familiar old look to the Washington Senators as they dropped five in a row. The failure of last year's relief ace, Dick Hyde and Tex Clevenger, has hurt the team. The Boston Red Sox were still getting bad pitching and inconsistent hitting. Worst of all, Ted Williams had yet to find the range (.167 BA, no homers). After 40 days and 40 nights in the cellar the Detroit Tigers at long last climbed into seventh place. Jim Bunning won his fifth complete game in a row, and the team whacked 11 home runs for the week. Joked Manager Dykes, "Gimme a few long balls and a good pitcher and I'm a mactermid." The New York Yankees created more discussion (see page 18) than the Geneva Conference when their enigmatic slump dumped them into last place.

Standings: Chi 23 13 Cl 22-15 Bal 22-13 KC 17-18 Wash 19-21 Det 15-21 StL 15-22 NY 14-21

## RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teamwork Runs to	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Power: Giv (.375)	33	19	50
Kubel: Wash (.275)	33	17	50
Aparicio: Chi (.264)	36	18	46
Mason: Bos (.261)	29	15	44
McMinn: Wash (.261)	25	17	42
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Aaron: Mil (.462)	31	27	58
Tomlin: StL (.371)	33	25	58
Conrad: Cl (.370)	31	26	57
McMinn: PHl (.302)	30	17	47
Burdette: Cal (.280)	29	21	50

Based statistics through Saturday, May 21

## STARS OF THE SEASON

American League		National League	
THE BEST PITCHERS			
Gamers won	Burton Bal 6-0	Burdette Mil 7-2	
Complete games	Burton Bal 6	Burdette Mil 8	
Wins per game	Steel Wynn 4.15	Holmes Chi 6.57	
Walks per game	Wahler Bal 1.48	Wendelb Cl 1.34	
SOs per game	Stange Chi 9.75	Fowler LA 7.33	
Runs per game	Wahler Bal 1.48	Fowler LA 2.77	
THE BEST HITTEES			
Percentage	Aaron Det 338	Aaron Mil 462	
Home runs	McMinn Wash 15	Melvin Bal 14	
	Cl per 5 ABs	Cl per 3 ABs	
Extra base hits	Coleman Cl 21	Aaron Mil 46	
Runs scored	McMinn Wash 33	Melvin Bal 38	
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME			
Most runs	Conrad StL 5.41	Conrad StL 5.32	
Most hits	Downs Wash 3.98	San Francisco 3.98	
Most RBI	Det 5.43	Melvin Bal 5.43	
Most runs	Clayton Cl 3.08	San Francisco 3.25	
Most RBI	Wahler Bal 3.31	Melvin Bal 3.43	
Most top	Nix Bal 3.02	Pittsburgh 3.05	



General Romulo is pictured in front of his office in Washington, D.C., with his Lincoln Premiere Limousine.

"Its simplicity of style — its distinctiveness —  
these are what I like about Lincoln,"

*says General Carlos P. Romulo,  
soldier, statesman and diplomat*

For decades, important figures in Washington have chosen Lincolns. And the 1959 Lincoln is no exception.

Designed for persons of importance everywhere, it is a magnificently built automobile. Built to assure handling ease and roadability that are superb. Built with a meticulous craftsmanship that is reflected in even its smallest appointments. Built to give its owner unparalleled luxury and elegance.

For example, Lincoln is the roomiest six-passenger motorcar in the world. Its wider doors make it remarkably easy to step in and out. Lincoln's seats are also wider than those of other fine cars, and the height of a comfortable armchair.

If you appreciate an automobile with dramatically simple lines and complete attention to your comfort, then you may find that this is the year for you to make the change to Lincoln.



General Romulo was Fourth President of the United Nations General Assembly, aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur in World War II, and Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist. Recently, the Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge honored him with the Freedom Leadership award for 1958.

# Lincoln

*Classic beauty...unexcelled craftsmanship*



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**Good sight on a dark night**



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## COMING EVENTS

May 29 to June 4

All times are E D T

• Color television • Teletext • Network radio

### Friday, May 29

- **BASEBALL**  
• Baltimore at New York, 7:55 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOXING**  
• Laddie vs. Johnson, boxing, 10 p.m., Mad Sq.  
• Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**  
• Hollywood Express, \$20,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.  
• (continued)  
• Gotham Tent, \$37,000, Yonkers, N.Y.  
• Transamerica Park, \$10,000, Maywood, Ill.  
• The Governor's Cup, \$48,000, Green Hill, Md.
- **TRACK & FIELD**  
• ICA Champ., New York (also May 30)

### Saturday, May 30

- **AUTO RACING**  
• Indianapolis "500," Indianapolis, N.Y. (also May 31)  
• NASCAR Grand Nat. Division, \$10,000, Los Angeles
- **BASEBALL**  
• Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati, 2:35 p.m. (CBS)  
• New York at Washington, 1 p.m. (NBC)  
• Detroit at Chicago, 7:55 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOAT RACE**  
• Regatta-Admiral Memorial, 50 miles, Somerville, N.J.
- **ROBBERY**  
• Southern Ocean sailing race, Seattle (also May 31)  
• Western at Navy
- **FISHING**  
• Int'l. Trout Match, Cat Cay, Bahamas (through June 1)
- **HORSE RACING**  
• Arlington Park Handicap, \$100,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (CBS)  
• Jersey Stakes, \$10,000, Garden State Park, N.J.  
• Baltimore Turf Handicap, \$50,000, Baltimore at Washington Park, Ill.
- **HORSE SHOW**  
• San Diego County Jr. Horsemen's Ann. Show, San Diego (also May 31)
- **WRESTLING**  
• Hammer Meeting, Louisville
- **LACROSSE**  
• United States National Women's Tournament, Trenton, N.J. (also May 31)  
• Army at Navy
- **TRACK & FIELD**  
• California Relays, Modesto, Calif.

### Sunday, May 31

- **BASEBALL**  
• Philadelphia at Milwaukee, 2:55 p.m. (NBC)  
• Pittsburgh at Cincinnati, 1:35 p.m. (CBS)  
• Philadelphia at Milwaukee, 2:35 p.m. (Mutual)
- **TRACK & FIELD**  
• National Jr. 20-km. champ., Methuen, Mass.

### Monday, June 1

- **BASEBALL**  
• Cleveland at Detroit, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)

### Tuesday, June 2

- **BASEBALL**  
• Nat'l. Ann. of Intercollegiate Athletic Champs., Alamo, Texas (through June 5)
- **HORSE RACING**  
• Bayview Handicap, \$15,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

### Wednesday, June 3

- **BASEBALL**  
• Pittsburgh at Chicago, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOXING**  
• Brown vs. Ron, light, 10 p.m., 15 lbs., Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- **HORSE RACING**  
• Mother Goose, \$25,000, Belmont Park, N.Y.  
• Queen Derby, Queen Downs, Surrey
- **TENNIS**  
• World Allstar Tennis' Clay Court Tournament, Arlington, Va. (through June 6)

### Thursday, June 4

- **BASEBALL**  
• San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- **GOLF**  
• LPGA Triangle Round Relay, \$12,000, Cranbrook, N.J. (through June 7)  
• Eastern Open, \$20,000, Baltimore (through June 7)

\* See local listing



“OK, then, we’ll be there about 4 on Wednesday!”

Invited to visit relatives or friends this summer? Call them Long Distance before you start on your trip. They’ll appreciate hearing from you before you leave.

Calling ahead is such an easy, pleasant way to settle all the details of a visit. And it’s a friendly, considerate thing to do. When you travel, use Long Distance.

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Cleveland to Pittsburgh . . . . .	45¢
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Washington, D.C. to Boston . . . . .	85¢
Miami to St. Louis . . . . .	\$1.25
San Francisco to New York . . . . .	\$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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**WE GUARANTEE:** If a Steel-Cord Safety from any cause—

1. Pay for your road
  2. Replace the shield
  3. Give you full allow.
- unused tread-wear

**Tires with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield**—made only by Goodyear—*will not go flat* if punctured, torn or blown out. They let you drive on for 100 miles or more—at reasonable speeds—regardless of tire damage.

**Goodyear Safety Shields** are actually built-in spares made with nylon and steel cord. If you have a puncture, or blowout, or any kind of tire damage with these shields protecting you, you don't stop. You simply drive on . . . *on the air in the "inner spare"* . . . as though nothing had happened.

Where and how do you buy Captive-Air Safety Shields? Just see your Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



**ONLY THE AIR** in the outer chamber escapes if the tire is cut, torn or blown out while driving. Reserve air in the inner spare immediately supports the car, lets you drive on 100 miles or more at reasonable speeds.

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at no cost  
ance for  
if tire is damaged\*

You can have the Captive-Air Safety Shield in either of these two Goodyear tires—from Rambler and Lark sizes on up to Imperial, Lincoln and Cadillac sizes.

\*In the rare event that you should have to take advantage of this guarantee, simply call the nearest Goodyear dealer.

● THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shields at moderate extra cost.

3-T  
NYLON  
DOUBLE  
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TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

# THAT INCREDIBLE 59

**SAM SNEAD TELLS HIS EXCITING SHOT-BY-SHOT STORY OF A ROUND WHICH WAS GOLF'S OWN FOUR-MINUTE MILE**

18.54

NEED SUMMERS

Yard	Par	Stroke	Score	Handicap	Net Score
389	4	7	1	3	4
120	3	17	2	3	14
412	4	3	3	3	0
372	4	8	4	3	5
367	4	11	5	4	1
293	4	15	6	5	1
409	4	1	7	4	3
351	4	5	8	4	4
286	4	13	9	4	5
3029	35	OUT	59	30	29

The 'GREENBRIER' Course

Yard	Par	Stroke	Score	Handicap	Net Score
336	3	14	10	3	7
425	4	4	11	4	7
400	4	10	12	5	7
355	4	12	13	5	8
174	3	18	14	3	11
480	5	6	15	5	10
526	5	2	16	6	10
200	3	16	17	3	14
429	4	8	18	4	14
3278	35	IN	59	35	24
6317	70	TOT	59	70	11

HANDICAP NET SCORE DATE 5/16/59

APPROVED BY GOLF-NAEP INDEPENDENT, INC.

*Paul Summers for Sam Snead*

**HISTORIC CARD:** Snead's 59 (left), combined team best (right). Checks indicate Partner Summers' 9-handicap stroke holes. Actually Summers picked up on 12 holes. Yardage played was longer than listed.

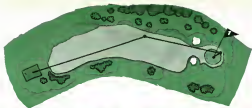


At The Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Sam Snead, aged 46, was playing the third round of the annual Sam Snead Festival golf tournament. The date was May 16, 1959. Sam has been the home pro at The Greenbrier's two courses since 1936, and it was superbly fitting, therefore, when on that May day a fortnight ago Sam shot the greatest competitive round of golf in the history of the game. It took him just 59 strokes to play the 18 holes. Winning his own festival the next day with a 72-hole total of 259 was an anticlimax.

Snead's magnificent 59 surpassed the official PGA record of 60 (held by Sam and six others) and completely overshadowed the only other competitive 59 on record—posted by Earl Fry in the 1938 Northern California PGA championship at Alameda, but in match play in a round that Fry officially won at the 14th hole and played out just for the sake of a scoring record.

The day of Snead's great round was streaky with cold and gusty winds, and the fairways were soft from a drenching, all-night rain. Playing with Snead as part of the pro-amateur phase of the event were three amateurs—Bruce Forbes, president of *Forbes Magazine*, who, incidentally, was celebrating his 43rd birthday; Paul Summers, a Washington lawyer and native West Virginian; and Harry Daumit, the Lustre-Creme shampoo founder. Snead played the first 11 holes into a strong headwind. On the 12th tee, with the wind now at his back, he stood four under par. Then, roaring downwind, he played the last seven holes in just 21 strokes, seven under par for that final stretch. Snead's own vivid hole-by-hole description of that fabulous round starts on the opposite page.

**THE FINAL STROKE** is made by Sam Snead as he rolls in a short but tricky putt. Snead, whom Tommy Armour calls the game's greatest putter, needed only 25 putts during his low round.



#### ONE 304 yards, par 4

The first hole doglegs to the right and I hit a pretty good drive down the left side which is the best place to be. From a downhill lie I punched an eight-iron, keeping it down into the wind, and making sure I didn't go over. A good shot, nine feet past, and I made the putt.



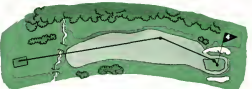
#### TWO 150 yards, par 3

Just a straightaway hole into the wind with the pin in the right-hand corner of the green. I played a wind shot, punching a six-iron that had good bite and stopped eight feet to the right of the hole. Needed two putts.



#### THREE 420 yards, par 4

I hit a pretty near perfect drive here and then a real good four-iron into the heavy wind. The ball bounced up about five feet to the left of the hole and I knocked in the putt for a bird.



#### FOUR 377 yards, par 4

My drive was hit straightaway and wound up in just perfect shape on the left. Then I punched a six-iron into the wind, just like on No. 2, that had so much stuff on it it stopped, pft, just like that, four feet to the right. Then I held that for my three.



#### FIVE 379 yards, par 4

On all my drives, just like on this hole, I was really trying to get the ball out there as far as I could. Another perfect drive here and then I played an eight-iron right at the hole that I figured would stop and jerk back. But it leaked past 15 feet before biting, and I two-putted.



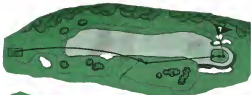
#### SIX 204 yards, par 4

I drove directly for the flag going for the green all the way, but the wind pushed it over to the left just short of the bunker. I pitched out of the rough pretty good, but the ball didn't run as much as I thought it would and I had to knock in an 18-footer for the birdie.

CONTINUED

**SEVEN** 430 yards, par 4

Trying to fade my drive around the slight dogleg I pushed it into the rough. I played a five-iron out to the front of the green because the ball will often fly on you coming out of grass and I didn't want it to fly too far. It just came out normal though and I needed two putts from 30 feet short.



**EIGHT** 386 yards, par 4

I hit my tee shot right out across the pine trees on the corner of the dogleg and ended in perfect position. Then I hit a nine-iron right at the hole and it skipped past 12 feet to the left. Two putts for a four.



**NINE** 291 yards, par 4

I went right for the flag again and would have been on the green for sure except the ball hit a woman standing by the green, and it dropped off to the left. Chipped down and two-putted from 13 feet. This gave me a 31 for nine holes, but the second nine is considerably tougher and I still had plenty to do yet before thinking about a 59.



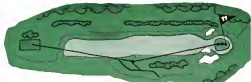
**TEN** 248 yards, par 3

I hit a real good three-wood to the back collar of the green. It was the only green I missed all day and I didn't really miss it, it just didn't stay on. Chipped down about a foot and a half away and made the putt.



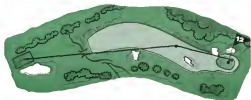
**ELEVEN** 440 yards, par 4

I was trying to hit out straightaway, but I pushed the drive a little bit and it rolled into a drainage ditch where I got a free hit out. Three-iron to the green and two putts from 40 feet.



**TWELVE** 405 yards, par 4

This is where it started. I finished up seven under par on the last seven holes. Perfect drive and nine-iron. You can't see the green too well from the fairway, but I took a look over when I was coming down 11 to see where the flag was. Put my ball four feet above the hole, made the putt.





### **THIRTEEN** 400 yards, par 4

Hit my drive just perfect about 145 yards from the green. The green is punch-bowl shaped and I hit a seven-iron into it that stopped about five feet past the hole. Made the putt.



### **FOURTEEN** 170 yards, par 3

Going into the wind but slightly downhill. Hit a real good five-iron right at the flag and it ended up about 20 feet short. I just knocked the ball at the hole, and it went in for a 2.



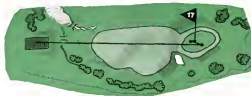
### **FIFTEEN** 422 yards, par 3

I expect I hit my biggest drive here—about 330 yards. With the wind off my right shoulder I hit a five-iron at the green figuring the wind would take it up to the hole. But it hit a soft spot in the fairway and stopped on the front edge of the green. Then I stepped up and putted the ball into the hole from 30 feet away for an eagle. This was the first time I began to think I had a chance for a 59. All I needed was two birdies on the last three holes.



### **SIXTEEN** 531 yards, par 5

Another perfect tee shot that cut across the right corner of the dogleg. Then I hit a one-iron that hopped through the narrow opening, right across the green and over the back edge. Hit a good chip coming back but it didn't stop and ran seven feet past. Then I hit the putt into the hole for my four.



### **SEVENTEEN** 310 yards, par 3

Here you either use a four-iron and beat hell out of the ball or use a three and just let it go in. I hit a three-iron, and it was probably one of the best irons I hit during the whole damn tournament. I hit it high so it wouldn't run and it stopped five feet above the hole. I played the putt for a little break but hit it too firm and it slid out of the corner. Settled for a little old par. I said out loud, "Well, I got one more to go."



### **EIGHTEEN** 446 yards, par 4

A tough finishing hole. The average player needs a two-wood for his second shot. They had the markers on the tee so far back that I had to tell the crowd to move back and give me swinging room. Then I just leaned back and knocked hell out of the ball. Just let it go. I had a five-iron left to the green that was going to be a 59, 60 or 61 shot. I poured it right at the hole and it hit just to the right and jumped forward maybe two-three feet. I had a two-foot putt. It was a rough little putt with a real quick break to the right. I played it to the outside of the hole, it just caught the lower corner and fell in. That was it, man, my 59. **END**

# 166 MINUTES IN THE SUN



**YANKEE SLUMP DRENDS** Casey Stengel's face into irritated grimace as Detroit Tigers send Yankees spinning into last place. Sitting on bench, Bob Turley stares nervously out toward field, while Pitching Coach Jim Turner phones the bullpen to be on the alert.

**SLIPSHOD FIELDING**, such as this play in which the usually reliable Gil McDougald bores and then follows the bounding ball, added the Yankees' descent to the bottom of the league. In losing two to the Tigers, New York made three errors while Detroit made none.





Fans everywhere thought the Yankees had finally broken out of their slump, but by week's end the harassed New Yorkers were back in the cellar again

FOR ALL of two hours and 46 minutes last Sunday the New York Yankees, the most famous last-place team in the long and glorious annals of the National Pastime, were in seventh place in the American League. The Yankees achieved this pinnacle of distinction through the efforts of the Detroit Tigers, who lost to Cleveland at precisely 4:01 p.m. E.D.T. and slid below the Yankees in the league standings. (This was only fair, since the Tigers were the dastards who had mauled the Yankees twice in Yankee Stadium earlier in the week to thrust the New Yorkers into the cellar.) The Yankees were overjoyed at this mad explosion of good fortune. They had been humiliated by the Baltimore Orioles on Friday night when Bob Turley had lost his poise, his control, his temper and his ball game, in that order. Now, in the first game of a Sunday double-header, they pummeled the Orioles 9-0, as they had pummeled them 13-5 on Saturday. Ah, breathed the suffering legion of Yankee fans. Damn, muttered the greedy army of Yankee-haters. Mickey was hitting like Mantle, Whitey was pitching like Ford, and the Yanks looked like the up-and-coming club of the league. Class, however, will tell. Baltimore clipped the Yankees in the second game, Detroit beat Cleveland. So, at 5:47 p.m. E.D.T., 95 minutes before the sinking sun sank, Detroit had risen once more to seventh, and the famous Yankees were again huddling dismally in the cellar.



UP THE LADDER the Yankees climbed, led by a furious Mickey Mantle, shown here driving toward home on over-throw after stealing third in 13-5 rout of Baltimore Orioles.



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, Moose Skowron jogs toward his suddenly smiling teammates after hitting three-run homer. In fleeting two-game explosion in Baltimore, Yanks scored 22 runs, hit five homers.

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



PITCHER FORD, in the jitterbug division, stood his ground while Arthur Murray's

## PENNANTS

ONE TROUBLE with being last year's pennant winner is that so much is expected of you it can almost get in the way of winning this year's pennant. Consider the eighth-place New York Yankees, some of whom are in such demand for special appearances that they must carry two sets of uniforms—one for ball park, one for ballroom assignments. Last week, putting pennants temporarily out of mind for NBC television's Arthur Murray Dance Party, three of them put their minds to fancy steps and petticoats.

The Yankees in Mr. Murray's

OUTFIELDER SEBERN, in runba division, got a slugger's grip on his flying partner.



dancing girl, petticoats billowing, hung on gamely to business end of his throwing arm.



INFILDER CAREY, waltz division, won dance league peasant. Observed one fan of last-place Yankees: "They should have played *Dancing with Stars* in *My Eyes*."

## AND PETTICOATS

dance contest were Norm Siebern, Andy Carey and Whitey Ford. Bob Cerv, an old Yankee gone on to higher and better things with the fourth-place Kansas City A's, was hired (like the others, at \$155, union scale) to fill the schedule. Siebern, tall and massive, was the first at bat on the program. He announced he was a left-handed hitter and (chuckle) a left-footed dancer. He said he would "try" a rumba, which he did with a studied expertise picked up in rehearsals the week before (when he and his teammates were getting their lumps from the Indians and the White Sox).

Carey, up next, said he and his wife were about to have a baby. Mrs.

Arthur Murray, the mistress of ceremonies, said how nice and did they hope for triplets. Carey, who had also rehearsed, said he wasn't hitting that high this year and while everybody laughed out loud he commenced to waltz. Carey didn't burn up that league, either, and the willowy professional assigned to him undertook to lead.

Bob Cerv came on and said even so the Yankees were dancing better than they were playing, and swung into a polka. It was some polka, and if you looked hard you could see traces of Lawrence Welk in his style. The cleanup man was Pitcher Ford, who told Mrs. Murray that the people who give him the most trouble on

the field are the batters, and that when he gets knocked out of the box (as he did in the first inning one night later), the only thing he wants to hear from his wife is, "The kids are in bed and dinner's ready." He would execute a jitterbug, he said then, and he did it by standing on the mound and picking off the Murray girl in mid-flight as she whistled by. At length, audience applause indicated Andy Carey was the best of a bad lot, and Mrs. Murray gave him \$500 in cash, a color TV set and an invitation to come back some time for a grand prize dance-off.

Are Yankee baseball players better or worse than Murray's usual contestants? "Decidedly worse," said a member of Murray's staff. Are they better or worse baseball players? "Well, yes," said the Murray man.

Photographs by  
Maury Gubar

## THE FUN OF IT ALL

**WHO ARE** these happy devotees of what spring revels where? You're right if your answers are 1) Ingemar Johansson of Sweden and his fiancée Birgit Lundgren, 2) a barefoot and slipper-foot impromptu in the merry month of May 3) at Grossinger, N.Y., where—yes indeed—Ingo is in training for his June 25 fight with Floyd Patterson. It is quite possible that no comparable picture is to be found in the entire archives of boxing.

But then there has never been anything quite like Ingemar Johansson on the American heavyweight scene before. He is installed in a splendid private home valued at more than \$100,000, 120 miles north of Manhattan—and has brought along his mother to do his cooking. He rises at 6 a.m. for half a dozen miles of traditional roadwork—and occasionally stays up watching television ("Bob Hope is very, very funny") or a movie or nightclub show at the hotel instead of hitting the sack at 9 p.m. as many heavyweights do. Around 5 p.m., four hours after a conventional chap would have started his sparring, Ingo gets under way: he likes to go a round first with his brother Rolf, a middleweight, to work up his speed. Then into the standard four rounds with more ponderous partners.

Don't get Ingemar wrong. Said sparring partner Charley Norius last week: "Don't be surprised if we have a new champion."





## THE PAIN OF IT ALL

**NEVERTHELESS** Ingemar Johansson had more on his mind last week than sunlight and happy sprints across the grass with Birgit. For one thing, laconic word came from his training camp that Ingo had strained his back in a sparring session—neither Ingo nor his family entourage bothered to say just how. Ingo did say, however, that "it happened to me once before, so I know it will clear up in a few days."

Aching back and all, Ingo was next obliged to travel into Manhattan to apply for one essential thing he does not yet have: a New York State license from the state athletic commission entitling him to fight Floyd Patterson. The athletic commission rejected as a "stooge" the U.S. manager urged on him by Cus D'Amato, bade Ingemar find himself another one not obligated to Cus (who, after all, is Floyd Patterson's manager). Not a hit out of countenance (he can park his father as manager if he cares to, or even be his own manager), Ingo headed back to his training camp, where he thought the matter over and his back quickly stopped aching.

He must return to New York by June 1, however, to testify in *l'affaire* Marchon. Marchon, as you may recall, contends that he has a return-hour contract with Ingo. Johansson contends the contract was signed under duress by a man who had no authority.



**CHAMPIONSHIP SMILES** light the faces of reunited Harvard oarsmen David Morgan, chemist, No. 6 (far left, rear); Charles Lund, doctor, stroke; Louis Curtis, banker, No. 7; Henry Meyer, lawyer, No. 3; James Talcott, banker, No. 2; Harry Middendorf, banker, No. 4; Leverett Saltonstall, U.S. Senator, bow and captain; John Middendorf, banker, No. 5; Henry Krieger, lawyer, coxswain; and the team manager Robert Cobb,



**STILL MALE AND HEARTY** AFTER 45 YEARS.

## HARVARD'S OLDSTERS AS GOOD AS NEW

*Photograph by Ted Palamoun*

**T**HE NINE hale and hearty Harvard oarsmen shown here have been getting together annually for a brisk row on the Charles River for close to half a century. All prominent citizens whose professions range from doctor to U.S. Senator, they earned their first fame back in 1914 as the first American crew to win the Grand Challenge Cup at Britain's famed Henley Regatta.

Only an average of 19 pounds heavier now than they were then, the nine oldsters were in fine fettle last week during their 45th reunion. Their oars bit the water neatly and their bodies moved in rhythmic unison, a little slower than in the past but still smooth and supple. After covering about 600 yards of water ("The course gets shorter every year," said the Senator) they pulled briskly up to the float. On the barked command of Coxswain Henry Krieger, they lifted the 300-pound boat from the river with a clean heave and swung it over-head. Not a bone creaked or strain-

plucked muscle twinged. Perhaps the shell wavered a bit before it settled to carrying position, and admittedly a few undergrads reached out to hear a hand, but the spontaneous applause that broke out among onlookers at the boathouse swept all such imperfections aside. Pride showed plainly on the faces of the oldsters as they marched along the ramp bearing their burden to its berth.

At Henley on the day of their victory the nine had been warned by their doctor not to drink the champagne offered by their vanquished foe. It was bad after strenuous exercise, said the doc. Captain Leverett Saltonstall, a man with a future in legislation, ruled otherwise, arguing that not to drink the champagne would be unsporting. Indeed, legend has it that next day the Harvards threw a party for two defeated British crews which emptied 102 bottles of the stuff, left their guests (with Harvard still upright) laid out stiff on the green lawn in perfect how-to-stroke order.



**CHAMPAGNE** like that served at a Thames River dock 45 years earlier sparks ragging in the boathouse locker room after reunion spin.

**NEWS VENDOR'S** placard from England recounting the ancient Harvard triumph sets mood as oarsmen relax with reminiscences.



THE VETERAN 1964 HENLEY REGATTA CHAMPIONSHIP HARVARD CREW PULLS A STRONG OAR IN CHARLES RIVER AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *Precedent in California*

DR. DAVID GROSHONG of San Francisco likes to bark at dogs. One evening not long ago he was sauntering down Grant Street in the heart of the beatnik district when he was confronted with two forlorn poodles in a pet shop window. Dr. Groshong forthrightly dropped to all fours and

barking at dogs and always has been."

Lovers of freedom and sport will be glad to know that Judge Andrew Jackson Eymann found Groshong not guilty. But the judge went on to restrict Groshong's hobby by admonition: don't do it again unless you're in your own backyard. Sighed loyal Mrs. Groshong: "It's hard to have fun any more."

decade it might even field a varsity football team once more.

Meanwhile, the intellectual assault on intercollegiate football throughout the rest of the Middle West has grown apace, most notably in the faculty camps of the Big Ten Conference.

For those who care about football on either the pro or the con side in the Big Ten, its outstanding symbol has long been the Rose Bowl—the celebrated New Year's Day game for which the pick of the prairies journey annually to Pasadena, Calif. to play the best of the West.

Big Ten athletic directors and coaches, almost to a man, favor the annual bowl game because of the inevitable prestige that accrues from its enormous publicity. Many from the academic side of the Big Ten believe, as well, like Iowa's Dr. Robert Ray, that the prestige of the bowl "is not athletic alone in nature."

Other Midwest faculty men, however, argue with commensurate fervor that the very prestige afforded by participation in the bowl gives football an importance at home that it in no way deserves. To many of these the Rose Bowl is practically a synonym for overemphasis. Year by year this group has made its influence more apparent in the councils of the Big Ten. By last week, when representatives of the 10 colleges met in Ann Arbor, Mich. to vote once again on renewal of the Rose Bowl contract with the reorganized western colleges, the conflict of sentiment between those who oppose and those who favor big football had combined to produce an exact dead center.

Casting their votes as units, under the instructions of the majority at their home campuses, the 10 representatives (often voting contrary to their own convictions) reached a five-five deadlock on each of two vital



barked engagingly. The poodles responded. And so did the cops, who arrested Dr. Groshong for disturbing the peace. Thus got Dr. Groshong's hackles up. He decided to fight the case as a matter of principle: free speech, free barking; that sort of thing. The other day the case came up in court. Several friends testified in his behalf, as did Mrs. David Groshong, a charming and loyal wife, who says proudly, "He's very good at

## *Rosy Deadlock*

THE LOWERING DISAPPROVAL of Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins has long since ceased to exercise a direct effect on intercollegiate football in the U.S. Midwest. There are even some signs on what used to be Dr. Hutchins' own campus that the distracting monster which he banished in the early 1940s may be inching its way back. The present dean of the University of Chicago's newly revamped undergraduate college is far less enamored of pure intellectualism than was Hutchins and has invited a return of "beauty and brawn" to accompany the "brains" at U. of C., and there is some hope that within the next

## *They Said It*

**JOE MCCARTHY**, onetime New York Yankee manager, when asked whether he could offer any advice to Casey Stengel: "First, it's none of my business. Secondly, I don't follow the game well enough now to know the strength and weakness of the club, and thirdly, I don't know that anyone can come up with an answer that will produce hits and runs."

**RAY ROBINSON**, middleweight boxing champion, commenting on the New York Boxing Commission's prolonged hearings to determine his willingness to fight Challenger Carmen Basilio: "Before they get through with this I'll be back down to a welterweight."

**ED HURLEY**, American League umpire, taking exception to Yankee Pitcher Bob Turley's ball-and-strike criticism (as quoted by Turley): "You can say whatever you want and I'm not gonna throw you out of the game. I'm gonna let them knock you out."



bowl questions, making positive action in either case impossible. The first question was whether to renew the conference contract with the West by which the conference as a whole sent a team to the bowl. The deadlock vote automatically barred renewal. The second question, which by all logic was integrally involved with the first, was whether to strike out the clause in the conference rules which permitted Rose Bowl competition. As before, the deadlock vote automatically barred action, so that the Big Ten found itself in the untenable position of refusing to send a team to the Rose Bowl and at the same time refusing to forbid any team that wished to from going. In place of a contract by which each member of the conference shared more or less equally in the victor's \$500,000 Rose Bowl cut, the vote had produced a chaos by which any one team could go out and grab all the booty for itself.

This unsatisfactory vote, which had taken twice as long to reach as had been expected, pleased nobody. When the weary conferees trooped out of the meeting room at 6 p.m. to make the announcement they had planned for noon, Michigan's Herbert O. (Fritz) Crieier was scowling darkly. "Was it a rewarding day?" someone asked. "For whom?" he barked and relapsed into silence.

After a night to sleep on it, the 10 official faculty representatives went back into session gloomily aware that nothing had been properly solved. As Michigan's Marcus Plant, the meeting's chairman, explained, neither side wanted the bowl game to become one team's personal property. They particularly wanted to prevent, as he said, "any single school from walking home with all the booty."

To solve the impasse the faculty men appointed a committee of professors to study ways to break a deadlock vote in future and appointed another committee of athletic directors to devise new ways of keeping the Rose Bowl games under conference control, both committees to report at the next meeting in December.

"We had no idea," said Plant, "of the complications a tie vote could develop."



"Think hard. Precisely when was it that you began to feel sorry for Casey Stengel?"

### Alpine Pick 'em

WE NOW ENTER the beautiful Aosta Valley, says the guidebook, referring to that high, secluded, 62-mile-long valley on the Italian side of the Saint Bernard passes over the Alps. There stands the fortress of Bard, whose capture by Napoleon started him on the way to his empire. This valley of castles with its 13 hidden side valleys, its fresh, tonic air, its French-speaking inhabitants, noted for their health, gaiety and good spirits, is also a considerable dairy center, and the hefty, blunt-muzzled, black-and-white or cocoa-colored dairy cattle occupy a prominent place in Val d'Aosta folklore.

Every herd in the Val d'Aosta contains one cow wearing around her powerful neck a broad leather collar supporting a melodious cowbell. This animal is the queen of the herd, a

right won by her ability to outpush every other in it. Each spring younger cows try to push the queens out of their ascendancy. For generations the natives have observed these struggles and matched the best pushers in their valleys against the best of other valleys. Last year the Val d'Aosta Tourist Bureau decided to transform this folk custom into an organized sporting event, with elimination contests ending in a championship cowpush and the crowning of a queen.

Early rounds have not been as grotesque as you might think. All through pleasant Sunday afternoons, around green pastures in the shadow of porcelain mountains, the villagers have watched a series of cowpushes, betting modestly on the outcome. Val d'Aosta cattle struggle with great dignity and considerable grace. The younger cow confronts the queen

*continued*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

of the herd, head lowered, forefeet pawing the turf, and the two lock horns and push. Twisting their heads and shifting around a thousand pounds of beef to get the maximum advantage of their weight, they shove until one weakens or is forced backward and gives up, backing away lightly. The winner resumes grazing.

Queen of the Val d'Aosta cattle is a handsome beast named Allegra, owned by a proud farmer named Paolo Limone, who won the title last year plus her share of \$64 prize money and traveling expenses. Allegra (weight, 1,225 pounds) was expected to repeat. But in the elimination contests this spring a magnificent 1,296-pound cow owned by Giuseppe Henchox, of Nus, near the entrance of the valley, has pushed everything out of her way. Her name is Contessa, and a genuine rivalry has developed between the backers of Allegra and those of Contessa in their impending push for the championship.

The date for this epic contest hasn't been set, and we have no mercenary interest in the outcome; still it seems worth recording as an instance of pure rivalry in a world of often fictitious struggles. Speaking of Contessa, Giuseppe Henchox managed to sound almost like a fight manager. "Mine is a ferocious beast!" he cried. "She comes by it naturally! Her mother was more terrible still! One day she almost sent the whole herd to the other world!"

"Moo!" said Contessa.

### Camper's Baedeker

KARL BAEDER was a tireless German who scurried around Europe in disguise, staying at one hotel after another and meticulously noting the character of each. He made his name synonymous with the guidebook; with each monument precisely located, every spire of every cathedral exactly measured.

Travel habits have changed so much that it is fitting that the hundredth anniversary of Baedeker's death sees the publication of a guidebook that would have baffled him: Kenneth Chasey's *Camping Digest*, which lists the public campgrounds of the United States.

Chasey's volume, published at \$3.50 by the Naylor Company in

San Antonio, isn't the first guide to campgrounds—George and Iris Well's *Auto Camping* is a standard work—but the field is so enormous that there appears to be plenty of room for everybody. And, in addition, Chasey includes Canada and tries to list all known camps. It appears that there are upward of 3,420 campgrounds in the U.S. alone. Where Baedeker listed hotels according to class status—luxury, first class and so on—Chasey lists campgrounds as free, or at a 75¢ fee, and covers such matters as available firewood and water.

Go to Crown King, Ariz., population 55. Follow dirt road south seven miles to Horseshoe Basin. Room for 35 tents and trailers. Attractions: rugged mountain country, fishing, deer hunting, pack trips, winter sports. Water, toilets, fireplaces and tables provided. But "ware the 18-tent campground at Granite Creek. The water supply is irregular.

Or take U.S. 101 to Orick, on the northwest tip of California, and turn off six miles north to Prairie Creek (100 tents), modern facilities, attraction: a large herd of elk. Or follow 101 south to the campgrounds in the Los Padres National Forest, where the attraction is wild bear hunting. The seven camps in the Six Rivers country are recommended for deer and bear hunting and fishing for steelheads. Wild turkey at Pinetop camp, 12 miles from Show Low, Ariz.; mountain sheep in the country around Agate camp (six tents and

trailers) in western Colorado; deer, elk, grouse and duck in the vicinity of Steamboat Springs, Colo.; mountain lion around Cherry camp, 20 miles west of Durango on U.S. 160; moose in the Targhee National Forest west of Yellowstone; mountain goat around the camps near the Grand Canyon of Snake River in Idaho; cougar around the fine camps in the Siuslaw National Forest of Oregon; and fish almost everywhere indicate the sort of native wonders available to campers, in place of all the birthplaces of tyrants so scrupulously sought out by Karl Baedeker.

As for Kenneth Chasey, he is a geologist who began collecting information years ago to aid his own field trips. His personal feelings emerge very rarely: of Upper Clear Creek Camp (west of Idaho Springs on U.S. 40 in Colorado, five tents), he says, "Poor fishing." He generally lists nearby ghost towns and abandoned mines and remarks offhandedly that around Honeyuckle (seven tents) in Idaho's Coeur D'Alene National Forest there is still a lot of zinc, lead and silver.

There is now a public campground (room for three tents) at the mouth of Two Hearted River in Michigan, the scene of Ernest Hemingway's classic *Big Two Hearted River*. Minnesota has 200 canoe campgrounds "along canoe routes in primitive wilderness where no roads penetrate." Camps are being built on the Pacific Crest Trail which, in emulation of the Appalachian Trail, is being built from Canada to Mexico (870 miles have been completed in the Oregon Cascades). There are 381 campsites in Mount Rainier National Park alone, with 12,000 campsites in all the national parks and forests and 16,000 more to be built by 1966—when the number of annual visitors to the national parks and forests (50 million in 1955) is expected to hit 80 million.

### Sartorial Note

FROM the newsletter of the Lakeside Golf Club, Los Angeles: "Because of the greatly increased play on the golf course by both sexes, the board of directors has voted to require all men golfers to wear covering above the beltline." **END**



### The Play's the Thing

Sometimes at second, sometimes at short; The manager shifted him just for sport. Shakespeare had words for such as he When he wrote "2b or not 2b."

—RICHARD F. ARONKECHT



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MAJOR-MINOR DOMOS, whose sessions produced third-league ideas, include American League's Joe Cronin, Indians' George

Melinger, Yankees' Dan Topping, Pirates' John Gaultbreath, Ford Frick, minors' George Trautman, Phillies' Bob Carpenter,

## NOTES ON THE THIRD-LEAGUE THEME

THE seven gentlemen above, looking out with gracious, shirt-sleeve informality, are executives of Organized Baseball. They were lined up on a perch in Columbus, Ohio because it was appropriate to a high-sounding pronouncement they and their fellows had just handed down. Which was this: the American and National leagues—with no plans for letting any more towns into their own leagues—see no reason whatever why they should not “favorably consider” a bid by suitable cities and suitable fellows to start a third major league “within the present baseball structure.”

It was not, to be sure, the news expected out of Columbus last week. The baseball executives were ostensibly meeting there to decide what to do about the devastating effect of major-league television in minor-league territories. But when it became apparent they were getting nowhere on that problem Commissioner Ford Frick said it was high time to tackle the long-evaded question of spreading major-league franchises around some of the status-seeking towns that are ready for them. The upshot of the meeting, held on the farm of Sportsman John Gaultbreath (see page 70), was the guarded invitation to join the bigs.

The baseball executives, it should

be understood, do not intend that the formation of another league is to be any picnic. No league will be considered, for instance, unless each represented city is at least as large as Kansas City (pop. 515,000). And each team must have or be able to build a stadium with a minimum seating capacity of 25,000. Another provision sets certain time limits for submitting applications, which will work marvelously toward postponing any precipitous action on forming a third league.

After taking soundings of our own we are able to report that the third-league theme has led to very little dancing in the streets. In Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Seattle, Denver, New Orleans, Dallas, Fort Worth (and in New York City, for that matter) the prevailing response was a good deal more of a weary shrug. “Here we go again!” and “We’ll believe it when we see it” were themes from coast to coast. Another was: “This way, even if it happens, we won’t get to see either Casey Stengel or Willie Mays.” Said Frank Shaughnessy, president of the International League: “I think the idea was brought out just to stop talk of expansion [within] the American and National leagues.”

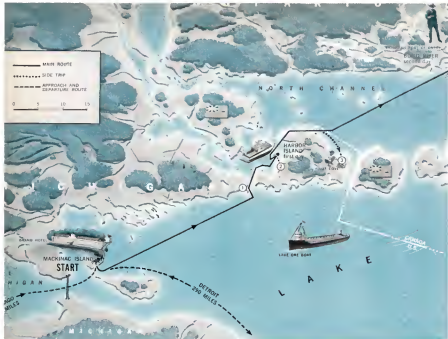
But the heavy air of skepticism was ventilated with fresh breezes of en-

thusiasm, too. “We could almost press a button and get going,” said New Orleans Mayor Delesseps Morrison. “I’ve been working on this for a long time. . . . I got a wire off to Frick the minute I heard the announcement.” Folks in Dallas and Fort Worth seemed more bullish than bursed; so what if Casey and Willie wouldn’t be coming to town—a third league would be better than nothing. In New York, Bill Shea, a hard-driving Irishman who heads the city’s baseball committee, was exultant. “At last we know they’re thinking right,” he said. “I’m only sure they didn’t do it sooner. We will be able to present a plan for a league within five weeks—we’ve thought of everything and we have a plan for everything.”

Well, it is a good thing Bill Shea has plans for everything, for it has not been shown that the major-league executives have gone that far. Where will the third league get major-league players, Ford Frick was asked. “Oh, they’ll develop,” he answered with an airy wave.

But to those who hoped for real action, the most significant item to come out of the meeting was the picture at the top of this page, which clearly reveals that the big-league gents had not even rolled up their nice white sleeves.

END



## PART I:

# THE JOY OF CRUISING AN

**Lake Huron's North Channel and Georgian Bay hold unrivaled delights for roving sailors**

**by MORT LUND**

THESE ARE the waters that men dream of: mile upon mile of fine cruising along sheltered, island-strewn passages where the shores are crowded with anchorages of unsurpassed beauty, where pink- and red-rock shores give way to forests of dark-green pine, where smooth-backed islets lie serenely in the perpetual deep blue of an inland sea. Under the matchless clarity of a northern sky are scores of intriguing channels, a hundred hidden beaches, a thousand secret fishing holes. This is the North Channel and Georgian Bay, one of the great cruising grounds of the world.

The yachtman who goes into North Channel will find yacht clubs ready to supply the social side of sail-

ing, Indians who can guide him to the fishing, baby flocks to explore, blueberries ready for picking and his choice of secluded coves for just plain sitting around and enjoying life.

The area is a natural habitat for the powerboat men of the Midwest—and the sailing, too, is nearly perfect. These are not unknown waters, but neither have they yet enjoyed national prominence—to many, their beauty will come as a personal discovery. To introduce the area's unparalleled delights and help the yachtman visiting it for the first time, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cruised these waters and prepared a basic itinerary from one end of the grounds to the other, marking the best places to stop, look and explore. The handsome map above will route the yachtman down the most interesting courses and serve as an over-all guide to a vacation cruise under power or under sail that cannot be duplicated anywhere.

The knowledgeable North Channel man starts his



Maps by David Greenglass

# INLAND SEA

cruise in July or August when the North Channel is warm enough to be really pleasant. Parents find that the children enjoy the cruise to the fullest if they have a like-age playmate along, and if there are plenty of diversions aboard—rubber rafts, water wings, water skis, skin-diving masks, games for rainy days. And the owners pick cruise members outside the family with great care. A boat, as anyone who has not cruised will soon find out, is a very unprivate living unit.

The itinerary of this SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cruise allows seven days minimum for sailing. The other days of the usual two-week vacation will be used along the approaches (see maps next page) or in laying over at a favorite spot. Those who are favored with three-week vacations will have an even better chance to learn the fascinations of North Channel by taking some of the side trips indicated on the cruise map and described at length in this two-part article.

TURN PAGE FOR START OF GREAT LAKES CRUISE

## A CRUISE IN NORTHERN HURON

Numbers refer to side trips on map

The cruising grounds of North Channel and Georgian Bay draw from three great areas: Chicago and southern Illinois, Detroit and lower Michigan, and from the East the cities along Lake Erie and Lake Ontario: Toronto, Buffalo and Rochester. Each yachtsman makes his plan according to his home port, and each will find in the itinerary outlined by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on the cruise map above courses that fit his time and the speed of his yacht, whether he cruises in a 60-foot powerboat or under sail in a 30-foot Tahiti ketch. The seven-day basic cruise and the optional side trips are as follows:

**MACKINAC ISLAND:** start  
1. Town of Detroit

**HARBOR ISLAND:** first day  
2. Drummond I.-G. Yacht Haven  
3. Pilot Cove

**BLIND RIVER:** second day  
4. Serpent Harbor  
5. Turnbull Island

**AIRO ISLAND:** third day  
6. Oak Bay  
7. McBeau Harbor

**CROKER ISLAND:** fourth day

8. Harbor Island Club  
9. Gore Bay

**LITTLE CURRENT:** fifth day  
10. Manitowaning Club  
11. Whitefish Bay  
12. Fox Hole Passage  
13. Bay Flan

**SNUG HARBOR:** sixth day  
14. Covered Passage Cove  
15. Killarney  
16. Brainerd Bay

**TOBERMORNY:** seventh day  
17. Flowerpot Island

## APPROACHES TO THE CRUISE

Within sailing distance of the great cities of the Midwest, the North Channel and Georgian Bay are best reached by the routes below



**FROM CHICAGO, 380 miles.** Prevailing heavy west winds make most Chicago yachtsmen prefer to start out in the shelter of the west shore of Lake Michigan. First hop is 60 miles to Racine, second is 45 miles to Port Washington. Here yachtsmen have a choice. If the weather is fair and the skipper wants to make long runs he can take the east shore route (solid line) 125 miles to Frankfort and then go another 80 to Charlevoix, premier resort town of the lake, just 55 miles from Mackinac. If shorter runs and calmer water are preferred, the skipper can continue (dotted line) along the west shore from Port Washington and run 50 miles to Manitowish. Then he goes into Green Bay, stopping at Jackson Harbor, 105 miles from Manitowish. The next-to-last jump is 80 miles to St. James, with Mackinac 40 miles away. Chicago cruisers (and yachtsmen from other Midwest points as well) to get maximum time in North Channel during their vacation, take their yachts to an intermediate approach point before their actual vacation begins.



**FROM DETROIT, 230 miles.** Skippers from Detroit and the western end of Lake Ontario start their trip by running up the Detroit River into Lake St. Clair and from there to Port Huron. Those who want to make the full cruise from Mackinac east through North Channel will then take the course (solid line) from Port Huron 35 miles to Sanilac or to Harbor Beach, another 35 miles farther on. After the next 125-mile jump to Presque Isle, they have only 70 miles left to Mackinac. However, yachtsmen who want a shorter cruise can run a route to the west through North Channel, in the direction opposite the cruise outlined on the preceding page. This saves 60 miles by going up Huron's east shore (dotted line) from Port Huron 65 miles to Goderich. From there the cruise runs 60 miles to Port Elgin and another 60 miles to Tobermory, eastern gateway to the cruising grounds. From here the yachtsmen can sail west into the islands of North Channel until he must turn around and head back to Detroit via Tobermory again.



**FROM ROCHESTER, 400 miles.** Rochester skippers, yachtsmen from easterly U.S. points on Lake Ontario and Canadian skippers from the Toronto area can get into the North Channel by entering the Treat-Seven Canal at Trenton, 55 miles from Rochester. The canal runs 240 miles through locks and railway portages to the southern end of Georgian Bay. From here yachtsmen can cruise 95 miles to Tobermory and then take the 150-mile run to Mackinac (solid line) for the full west-east North Channel cruise; or they can take the alternate tour (dotted line) 50 miles to the eastern end of North Channel and run the channel from east to west, returning via Tobermory. The Treat-Seven route from Rochester takes a day or so longer than the route through Detroit (see center map) via Buffalo; but the waters of the Treat-Seven offer calm, protected cruising for boats less than 45 feet long. Longer hulls cannot be accommodated on the overland railway boat cradle on which all boats must be transported at one point along the canal route.



# MACKINAC ISLAND TO TURNBULL: SUN AND SERENITY

## MACKINAC ISLAND: the start

Mackinac is one of the few places left in the Western world where the visitor, willy-nilly, is dropped back a century into a pleasant, leisurely age. Mackinac town is a full-blown old-fashioned resort, with green lawns, white hotels, bicycle traffic, saddle horses, hackney cabs and Victorian carriages. The bikes and horse cabs are your transportation: there are no autos. The town moves at the five-mile-an-hour pace of the horse and buggy era. Whether in the bridle paths of the cedar woods on the town heights or along the back streets, where the stableboys walk the mounts, or on the hotel verandas full of customers comfortably visiting among the wicker chairs, the living at Mackinac is easy.

The docks at Mackinac are so close to town that it is hardly worthwhile to move your crew ashore unless you plan to stay for weeks and weeks. Best berth is at the state dock east of town. Here the piers are low and there is water and electric hookup for your boat. If you can't get room at the state dock, try the west side of the high ferry dock or the east side of the coal dock, both adjoining Mackinac's main street downtown. (Check with Otto Lang at the Union Terminal Office on the ferry dock for permission to tie up at these last two.)

The coal dock has gas and diesel, but the water depth at the pumps can be less than six feet, so keel boats will have to edge in cautiously as far as they can and then use the long hose for refueling. If your boat needs major repairs after the long run along the approaches, you will have to go to Cheboygan, 20 miles east.

The first thing to see in town is the Grand Hotel. Rent a horse cab (70¢ a ride) and have it take you up the hill to the Grand's long, long colonnaded porch, which commands the great rolling lawns of the hotel. If it's lunchtime, march into the dining room: regular lunch runs \$3.50 and is well spent just to watch platoons of red-coated waiters deploying through the columns of the huge room.

After lunch you can rent clubs and go around the hotel's nine-hole golf

course, or rent a bike outside the hotel (\$2.50 a day) and pedal back into town. From here you can get on the Mackinac Horse Cab tour up to Fort Mackinac (12 to a cab, \$2.50 a person) or get the same tour with any variations you like by hiring a fancy private carriage—your choice of landau or victoria—with high-stepping horses for \$12 an hour. You can also hire riding mounts (including ponies for the children) commensurate with your riding ability (down to zero) at one of the stables (\$2 to \$3 an hour). You can ride up to the fine fragrance of the cedar heights above the town, making sure your mount moves northward and westward for the first half hour (or he'll have you back at the stables in 15 minutes). Afterwards you can cool off at the Grand's Serpentine Pool.

In the evening, take your town clothes up to the Grand's cocktail lounge and dance. And on the morning



after, for breakfast, try the Buggy Whip on the main street—they specialize in early meals and fast service. If you need vacation clothes, the Scotch House near by has plaid, belts, Bermudas and sun hats. And, to complete your immersion in the horse age, hire a U-drive carriage for the afternoon (Jack Gough or Jack Welsber, \$5 to \$7 an hour). Even if you've never handled a horse before you will be taken at a steady clip around the island along the water-level country road that runs the island's circumference. (Let the kids hold the reins if they want to. The horse knows the way and the pace.) Be back in time for dinner at Little Bob's. The One Dollar Supper there is the best value in town. Then, if

you haven't yet done so, hit the Pink Pony Bar at the Chippewa Hotel—the bar specializes in long, cool, complicated drinks just right for launching a summer evening's round of cruising talk.

Two days of Mackinac is plenty for a cruising man. The morning of the third day—at the latest—be up with the sun and ready to sail for Detour Passage. You need not provision heavily at Mackinac unless the forecast is for something more than light or medium winds; provisions at the town of Detour, in Detour Passage, are the best and least expensive to be found in the western half of the cruise. However, if the forecast is for 15-knot winds or better it is likely to be hard to dock at Detour, and you'll have to get your groceries at Drummond Island Yacht Haven, beyond Detour (see *Side Trip 2*).

Cast off and leave Mackinac behind, sailing over Lake Huron's vast and shining waters, where the great long-wasted ore boats ply the busiest commercial waterway in the world. The ore carriers follow lines marked on the charts and can help you locate your position. If you cross an ore boat's course, however, give him at least half a mile. The ore boat may not see you way down there on the water, and you want plenty of time to get out of his way if your engine should conk out.

Thirty-six miles from Mackinac you come abreast of Detour Light and turn north into Detour Passage, the gateway to the North Channel. Halfway through Detour Passage, on the west shore, is Otis Jacobs' dock, just a quarter mile north of Frying Pan Island. This marks the landing for the town of Detour.

## SIDE TRIP 1: Town of Detour

Detour is a roadstead, not a harbor, and no place to stay overnight unless, as noted, all weather forecasts are favorable. Up the hill from its docks is the town's grocery. The selection of food is good, and the store will truck it down to the dock for you. **Provisioning tip:** Take six or seven days' supply. It would be a shame to leave a cove you find you like just because you run short of food. Stock canned vegetables, milk, soup, juices, fruits, jams, cookies—anything that will last without refrigeration. Buy the best. This will ensure the good temper of any crew that has to live off cans and cookies for a while. Drinking water, anywhere in the

continued

Lakes, is all around you. One caution: Take your water aboard well out from shore. Even slightly polluted water can cause the cruise with contaminated tanks.

#### HARBOR ISLAND: first day

Once through Detroit, the course to Harbor Island lies through a slew of small- and middle-size islands—a first taste of the delightfully intricate passages of the North Channel. This is the time to buckle down to some serious navigating.

**Navigation tip:** You'll find that here, as in many places to come, the islands come in clusters. They look remarkably the same from a distance—something like darkish, lumpy pancakes, edge-to. If you confuse one island with another, you can have some anxious moments before you locate your position correctly. Therefore, follow the simple rules set forth by old-line Channel cruising men: 1) plot your course on your chart, and keep the chart properly folded open, covered with a sheet of Translute to keep it dry, all clipped to a board which you keep right in front of you in the cockpit; 2) as the boat moves on, keep a rough pencil line going of the actual course you follow, based on cross sights (use a pelorus) taken at regular intervals on visible landmarks.

Then and only then will you be able to keep your islands straight. Should a sudden rain squall appear and cut out landmarks entirely, you will still be sure of the direction in which safety lies. Navigation up here, even for old salts, is really tight.

Once you have picked out Harbor Island by following the descriptions marked in your Great Lakes Cruising Club Log Book you will be able to locate the hidden channel which leads to the large interior harbor in the heart of the island. Come in to where the water shelves to 10 feet and then drop anchor. You will find yourself in an enchanting circle of green shores, with the rougher water outside cross-lighted by the slanting beams of the late-afternoon sun.

You can launch the dinghy and send the kids ashore to explore the high ground on the north side of the harbor entrance. There they will find the ruins of a house built by an Englishman, an Oxford man, who, for reasons of his own, came out here well over a hundred years ago, built this house, married an Indian girl and raised six sons. Out back of the ruins is the Englishman's orchard, now gone wild. As for your own activity, just settle back, relax and watch your first North Channel sunset spread over the western sky. This is where your vacation really begins.

**Cruising tip:** Start a ship's log if you haven't already. Your navigation

notes will come in handy next time you are in North Channel—and, besides, the log will make the trip come alive when you review it with friends next winter. Lastly, it is a record of your movements in North Channel in case your itinerary is ever a matter of discussion with customs officials, either Canadian or U.S.

#### SIDE TRIP: Drummond Island Yacht Haven

If rough water kept you out of Detroit, you can stop and provision at Drummond Island Yacht Haven docks, a mile and a half south of Harbor Island, before going on to Blind River. The docks at the Yacht Haven have gas, electric hookup and a jeep that will take you to Drummond Village for groceries. You can charter boats (\$4 an hour) and guides at the Yacht Haven for the fishing in the western end of North Channel, but unless you are a fisherman first and a cruising man second you will want to steam on across the border, get through customs at Blind River as fast as you can and launch into the fascinations of the north shore and Whalesback Channel, the heart of the cruising grounds. With one exception, the south shore stretching east of the Yacht Haven to Little Current is fairly tame stuff as North Channel scenery goes. The exception is Pilot Cove, half a day's sail to the east.

*continued*

#### CLOTHING FOR THE CRUISE

**FOR ORDINARY WEAR:** two pair cotton work-shirts, two pair shorts, slight wool sweater, three long-sleeve and three short-sleeve sports shirts or blouses, two pair "T-top-Sider" sneakers, one pair sturdy hiking shoes, a week's supply of underwear and socks.

**FOR SUN PROTECTION:** hat with good shade visor, one pair high-quality sunglasses.

**FOR POUL WEATHER:** full-length rubber parka or rubber jacket and pants, plus rain hat.

**FOR COLD WEATHER:** Huron fur chills duster, wool slacks, two pair heavy wool socks, a heavy wool sweater, a pair of long underwear, a lined jacket and a windbreaker.

**MINIMUM DRESS-UP CLOTHES:** two to three, but not a quarter, except at Grand Hotel (one tie, sport jacket, two slacks, shirts, two pair dress-slacks and one pair brown shoes for men; two simple summer dresses and low-heeled shoes for women).

#### FOR THE NORTH CHANNEL NAVIGATOR

Since much of North Channel and Georgian Bay is officially uncharted, practically every navigator who enters these waters relies on the Great Lakes Cruising Club Log Book, a compilation of local charts by amateur cartographers. The Log Book has detailed soundings and pilotage for most of the uncharted anchorages. In order to get the log you will have to join the club. This will cost \$25 (log included) and will be worth many times that. Write to the Great Lakes Cruising Club, 85 East South Water St., Chicago for the membership application. If you are not a member of a yacht club you will need two sponsors who are already Cruising Club members. Ask, and the Cruising Club will let you know the names of members residing near you. By special arrangement with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the club will immediately process applications from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, instead of taking the usual week or two for processing members.

**ADDITIONAL CHARTS NEEDED:** U.S. Lake Survey Chart Nos. 5,6 and 7 (from U.S. Engineers, 680 Federal Building, Detroit; enclose 75c for each); Canadian maps 2285, 2287, 2293 and 2296 (write Canadian Hydrographic Service, Dept. of Mines, Ottawa; enclose a postal money order equaling one Canadian dollar for each map). Other sources for the above maps are Ship's Wheel or Kren's in Detroit; Office of the U.S. Engineers at Merchandise Mart in Chicago; Turner's Ltd., Little Current, Manitowish Island, Ontario.

**ADDITIONAL NAVIGATION AIDS NEEDED:** Great Lakes Light List (\$3.75) and Notices to Mariners (free from the U.S. Coast Guard, Main Post Office Building, Cleveland-Great Lakes Pilot, Volume II, from the Canadian Hydrographic office (enclose postal order for the equivalent of \$3.50 in Canadian dollars), Storm Warning Facilities Chart 10c from Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C.

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## SIDE TRIP 3 Pilot Cove

Pilot is a sparkling little lake of water enclosed by a hook of land. The course to Pilot from Harbor Island lies through 22 miles of Canada-blue water rippling under the usually fine North Channel sky, with the west wind kicking the boat along and raising a few feathery whitecaps as the day goes on. Pilot's entrance, also well-shielded, is just east of a huge white rock on the east end of Drummond; but if the wind is turning strongly north or east or the forecast is for strong north or east winds past the entrance by. Wind from these quarters makes running the entrance hazardous. More than one cruising man has been storm-locked in Pilot in bad weather. But in fair weather—or any strong west or south winds—shipping into Pilot through the slun, 20-foot passage is an adventure more spectacular than difficult. (For the kids it will be like shipping into a private cove on Treasure Island.) Once inside, you can nose into the steep banks and tie up. With any luck, you'll have it to yourself, and the shore around Pilot is ideal ground for a cook-out. Break out the steak grill, fire up some charcoal and sear enough sirloin for twice the number aboard. With two days' sailing behind them everyone will be eating double.

After the steak, take the children through the undergrowth (watch for poison ivy, to the outside shore and set them looking for treasure: small "lucky stones," or rocks that have

and before you know it you will have a fine picture record of your trip.

## BLIND RIVER: second day

Since Lake Huron lies between two sovereign nations, crossing the border, as you now will do north of Drummond, demands certain formalities. As a courtesy, fly the Canadian ensign at your starboard spreader or flag houst when in Canadian waters. And from either Pilot or Drummond or Harbor Island, go directly to Blind River, the best port of entry in the western part of the grounds. It has (as other ports of entry do not) a full-time customs official on hand, ready to do business. Should you fail to go directly to a port of entry after moving into Canadian water you may have an unpleasant moment if the Canadian Mounted's patrol boat, which always keeps a fatherly eye on yachts in the area, comes alongside and asks for a cruise permit that you haven't got.

**Customs tip:** At Blind River the customs office is right next to the post office on the main street. After hours, you can call the customs officer (tel. Iron Bridge 49) and he will come down to your boat at the dock. In customs, the people in your crew do not need passports, but the owner of the yacht must have a driver's license or other positive identification. He will be asked to list his passengers on the face of the cruise permit which he will receive. Also, he must list the serial numbers of camera equipment and firearms (no revolvers or automatic rifles allowed). The permit must be kept by the owner, who surrenders it at the last Canadian port before returning to the U.S. for good. You cannot sell your cameras or guns in Canada, or bring back more than \$200 worth of goods per person without paying duty (\$500 if you stay in Canada 12 days).

Plan to get out of Blind River before evening if possible. Blind River is neither particularly quaint nor interesting, and it can become an overly lively place at night, what with the miners occasionally descending from the uranium diggings in Elliot Lake to the north. But before you head for a less populated part of the cruising grounds, pick up a Canadian fishing license at one of the sporting goods stores, and a few local lures (try the Lucky Spinner) for the big pike and muskellunge to the east.

continued on page 66

## IF YOU SMOKE MORE THAN THREE CIGARS A DAY...

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had holes drilled cleanly through their centers by whirlpool action of sand and water.

**Photography tip:** If you haven't used your camera yet, now is the time. Shoot your yacht sitting in the perfect circle of the cove against the backlight of the setting sun. You will want to keep a camera on your person from now on. Any small camera that will fit in a side pocket will serve you well. Insure it, pocket it, use it,

# Flashy frogs sing world's oldest song

The tailless amphibians shown in color on the next four pages are joining in raucous chorus as they have for millions of years

Photographs by Charles M. Bogert

A FELLOW told me the other day that he never laughed at frogs. Now, I've known this man for several years, and have considered him quite a well-rounded individual: versed in literature and painting and possessed of a reasonable knowledge of the other arts. But I'd never guessed that he had this blank about frogs. Imagine anybody not laughing at frogs! Something awful must have happened to this fellow in his childhood.

Of course, with the unprecedented growth of urban areas, there are a lot of people who don't get many chances to laugh at frogs, but when they do they react in the proper manner. It is not a case of laughing *with* frogs, mind you, but laughing *at* them. The frogs don't mind a bit, and the way they ham it up indicates these deadpan batrachian comics spend most of their time just trying to get laughs.

In the first place, frogs look like small people in formal attire. Some of them wear green tuxedos, even to a black spot on the throat for a bow tie. They sit on a lily pad, or even a gaudy flame flower, as on the opposite page, in complete dignity, and all of a sudden their throat swells out like a kid blowing bubble gum. At the same time they emit a sound that might be a Bronx cheer. Some climb trees and carry on this way. Others crawl in a hole and holler. Some hoot like owls and others let out cowboy yells. When they are smooching the boy holds the girl in his arms and wears a silly expression. And when they are singing they go through the antics of a comedy quartet.

Frogs are comical, yet at the same time their appearance indicates they are wise beyond their status in the biological scale. It may be their form, the way they sit down in such a thoughtful pose, or maybe it is those large, bulging eyes in that solemn face

that creates the impression; but it has always seemed to me that frogs know a lot more than they're letting on about. Frogs, if you please, are many sided. Their life history is a fascinating story with many variations according to species.

The life of the individual frog is a series of adventures. He lives with a host of enemies right on his tail, or where his tail would be if he had one. He sits on the bank, and when an enemy approaches he makes a wild leap into the water. Like as not, something down there gets after him and he has to jump out on the bank again. Through all his trials he keeps his comical front to the world, never complaining except in the last extremity. Then he lets out a scream that curls the blood.

## THE TRUE SOUND OF SPRING

Frogs run the entire scale of personal appearance. Some, especially the toads, are homely; some people even call them ugly. Some are plain types dressed in drab colors. Others are beautiful, as the accompanying portfolio of tree frog portraits in color will prove.

Lastly, frogs have been around a long time. They have been on earth for nearly 200 million years. In fact, frogs were sitting around in Mesozoic swamps yelling their heads off in joyful chorus some hundred million years before man even got his start. My friend, Charles M. Bogert, frog student extraordinary, says it is probable that the first voice in existence was that of a frog. Furthermore, frogs are averse to change, preferring things the way they are. The remains of the earliest known frogs, dating back some 20 million years, are practically the same as the frogs of today.

Poets and other romanticists are always talking about the birds singing

in the springtime. They try to indicate that birds are the heralds of spring. I've got nothing against bird-song—I like to sit under a tree listening to the birds just as much as the next fellow—yet I claim that a frog chorus is the true voice of spring. Birds usually sing alone to let other birds know they are on the job with the old nest-building chore.

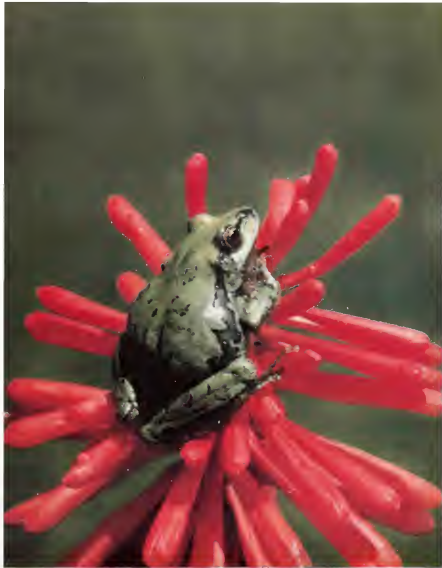
But frogs assemble in large numbers in a suitable spot and all sing together. I'll admit their voices are not melodious. The calls of various species sound like snores, grunting swine, quacking ducks or screaming women. They emit extended whines, shrill peeps and trills. Theirs is like barroom singing—what it lacks in harmony it makes up for in zest and volume. Yet there is something deeply moving about a great frog chorus in the night; something primordial. And don't forget, the frogs were at it eons before the first bird chirped.

We have been using the term "frogs" to mean all the tailless amphibians. These, of course, include the true frogs, the tree frogs and the toads. There are many lesser variations recognized by the herpetologists, including tree frogs that hardly ever climb trees and frogs that have a close resemblance to toads.

Few Americans realize how lucky they are when it comes to being blessed with an abundance of tailless amphibians. In the U.S. there are 68 species of frogs. New Jersey, which is pretty small as states go, boasts 15 species compared to only 20 species for the whole of Europe. Some of our frogs are spread over large areas, the most widespread species being the leopard frog, which is found from Canada to Panama.

Most of us have childhood memories of the first time we witnessed the miracle of the egg-to-tadpole-to-frog sequence. We remember when we collected the eggs and watched them hatch into tiny tadpoles, watched the tadpoles grow, then saw the arms and

*continued*



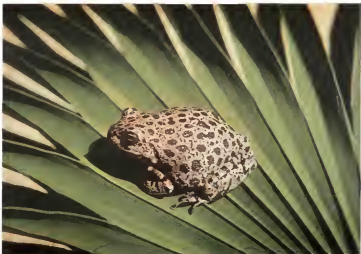
**Hyla ???**

*A recently discovered Mexican tree frog that has not yet been named. This one was caught at an altitude of 12,000 feet.*



**Hyla latrans**

*This sprightly specimen makes its home in the coniferous forests of Mexico and can usually be found near pools and streams.*



**Hyla gratiosa**

*A gray phase of the barking tree frog, which abounds in the southeastern U.S. Recently one was found in New Jersey.*





**Hyla boadini**

*A giant among tree frogs, this species lives in Texas and Mexico. Large specimens are up to three and a half inches long.*



### **Hyla eximia**

Many frogs undergo color changes at the slightest provocation. These two specimens belong to the same species but they wear different patterns here. They hail from the Mexican plateau.



### **Hyla cinerea**

Sometimes bright green and sometimes dull brown, this slender tree frog is common throughout America's deep South. Around Lake Okechobee, Fla., they can be heard calling in millions.



### **Hyla gratiosa**

Another specimen of the barking tree frog displays its ability to change its color when subjected to a change in its environment. Kept in sand at 100°, this fellow turned chrome yellow.

legs emerge and the tail dwindle as it was resorbed. Like other boys, I observed this transformation time and again, but there was one thing about it that caused me continuing wonder.

After a frog has gotten this job done there comes a time when he has to try out his brand-new stomach. As a tadpole he mumbled around on delectable scum, but now, after a long period without eating, he is ready for his first insect. He waits patiently until an unsuspecting bug comes along and smores it with his agile tongue. Solemnly he swallows and then sits there with his eyes bulging.

"How does it feel?" I used to wonder as I watched my frog. "What is he saying to himself, 'Mighty good. Very fine stomach.' Or is he saying, 'Ouch! Still a little tender on the inside.'"

Although the tadpole-into-frog trick is an oft-taught lesson in fundamental biology, few persons are aware of the astounding variations in the manner in which it is accomplished. Toads, in general, lay their eggs in long, gelatinous strings. True frogs lay theirs in clusters, although the female bullfrog lays hers in a floating film which may contain as many as 20,000 eggs.

*Engystonope pustulosa*, a small frog found in Panama, kicks up a white foam on top of the water. This floating island of foam supports the eggs above the water until the tadpoles hatch. The male of the European midwife toad obligingly carries the eggs around between his hind legs, and the marsupial frog of the Andes keeps them in a pouch on the back. And then there are some tropical frogs that lay their eggs out of the water, and the transformation takes place inside the egg. At hatching time the little frog jumps out of the egg, complete and ready for business. The variations are endless.

Frog songs are love songs. When mating time comes the males assemble in ponds, swamps or marshes in large numbers and try to outdo each other in letting the females know they are around. The call is made with the mouth and nostrils closed. Most frogs have one or two throat sacs which are inflated during calling, sometimes the throat sac being larger than the frog. When in full voice the frog shunts the air back and forth over his vocal cords to produce a song that may not seem charming to human ears

but which has the desired effect of luring the female frog.

Sometimes in the southern part of the country when 10 species and thousands of individuals are calling in a swamp simultaneously it makes a thunderous, nocturnal chorus unlike anything else you could ever hear.

For those who haven't the opportunity to go out and sit in a swamp at night to hear a frog chorus I would suggest getting Mr. Bogert's record called *Sounds of North American Frogs*. Mr. Bogert, who is chairman of the Department of Amphibians and Reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, has spent many years studying frogs, photographing them and recording their songs. His long-playing chorale is gotten out by Folkways Records. It is the last word in frog recording, not a rock 'n' roll approach but a faithful capturing of solos and symphonies, with a masterly interpretation by Mr. Bogert, the Toscanini of the frog world.

This swampland opus took me back to the time when, as a lad, I discovered that the shrill piping in roadside ditches in early spring was made by an inch-long frog, *Hyla eximifera*, the spring peeper. The voice of *Bufo americanus*, the common American toad, brought back the hours I had passed beside some pond watching the ballooning throats of these creatures as they emitted their long, whirring trills in the May moonlight.

In the bass range there was *Bufo marinus*, the giant toad of the American tropics, which reminded me of a specimen I brought back from Panama and kept in a Manhattan apartment for two years. My wife got tired of this phlegmatic *Bufo*, so I turned him over to the old New York Aquarium which stood at the Battery. There he sat for seven more years in a niche in a rockery and ate 40 earthworms every Thursday.

Included among the voices is the deep, resonant "jug-o-rum" call of *Rana catesbeiana*, the American bullfrog. This is a fine bass song, but I'm afraid there are many Americans who think of the bullfrog mainly in epicurean terms. Frogs' legs are shipped from Louisiana and other states, and the American bullfrog has been introduced into a number of foreign countries where its descendants produce frogs' legs for the American market. They have done well in Cuba and were even taken to Japan, from which country frozen legs are shipped here

continued

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FROGS continued

so that the Americans can live high on the frog.

Individual frogs have received considerable public acclaim, but usually it has been in fiction. There was Mark Twain's *Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* and Toad, of Toad Hall, who consorted with all those other delightful creatures in *The Wind in the Willows*. There was one actual frog, however, that attained national fame here in the U.S. This frog, a specimen of *Rana clamitans*, the green frog, became a celebrity by being a hionde.

Back before World War II word got out that the late Dr. G. Kingsley Noble was studying an albino green frog in the department of experimental biology at the American Museum of Natural History. Furthermore, it was said that an adult albino green frog was as rare as human quintuplets. Newspapers over the country carried the story, and somehow the very idea of an albino frog with pink eyes struck the public fancy. Dr. Noble was besieged by press photographers, reporters, newsreel men and hosts of others. The frog became known as Whitey, and public clamor became so great that she was put on exhibition in a cage in the museum foyer where thousands filed by to stare, and laugh, at the pale, pink-eyed frog.

Six weeks after Whitey's rise to fame she became the star of a Mark Twain centennial celebration in New York's Central Park. They had a frog-jumping contest in honor of Mark Twain's jumping frog. During the contest Whitey, in a glass case, rested on a seven-foot throne overlooking the greensward. Ten little girls dressed in green-and-orange frog costumes went through the jerky motions of a frog dance around the throne. A frog poem was read and Whitey was crowned Queen of Frogs, with the crown on top of her cage. Never has a frog attained such heights.

In his book *A Field Guide to Reptiles and Amphibians of Eastern North America*, published last year by Houghton Mifflin Company, Roger Conant says that interest in frogs has increased vastly in recent years. This is a good thing. Frog study takes you outdoors, and the deeper you get into it the more fascinating it becomes. If the trend continues, as I'm sure it will, more people will be getting more chances to laugh at frogs. **END**



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## The Killer strikes in May

**Shades of 'Damn Yankees': The Senators have come up with Harmon Killebrew, a real-life counterpart of Joe Hardy!**

ON the theory that everyone has a little bit of Washington Senator in him, the rise of Harmon Clayton Killebrew as the American League's leading home run hitter can be regarded as the most pleasant surprise of the 1959 baseball season. Killebrew's barrage of May home runs, 12 thus far, has stirred Washington's interest in baseball. It has also made Killebrew a celebrity.

Until May, Killebrew's performance had never matched the elegance of his name. He had been a professional for almost five years, with nothing to show for it except the modest bonus he got for signing with Washington and the knowledge that major league pitchers are better than those around Payette, Idaho, his home town. As a schoolboy athlete, he had attracted the attention of the late Senator Herman Welker. Welker told the Washington front office about him. They took a quick look at Harmon's power and signed him. For two years (mandatory for bonus players) the young infielder stayed with Washington. Then he was shipped to the minors. Each year he returned to Washington briefly, always ending up back in the minors. He could hit far, but not often. And his fielding was poor.

This spring Manager Cookie Lavagetto gave him a crack at the third-base position vacated by Eddie Yost, who after a decade with the Senators had been traded. Harmon opened the season, and although he hit the first home run of 1959, he was hitting under .230 with only three home runs when May arrived.

On May 1 Killebrew hit two home runs. He hit two more the next day. On May 5 he hit one, then two again on May 9. Three days later he hit another two, and two more still on the 17th. On May 20th he hit one. Babe Ruth, the record book reveals, when he hit his 60 home runs in 1927, hit

two home runs in one game eight times. Harmon Killebrew had hit two in one game five times in 17 days.

Killebrew's swing is designed for the home run. He stands deep in the batter's box. He grips his 33-ounce bat at the end and holds it high. When he swings, it is a brutal stroke. His home runs are long ones. But he also strikes out a lot. In the past he has often been attracted to the chin-high fast ball that sends so many promising hitters back to the minors. This year he has been trying to wait for strikes, but even so he has struck out frequently. One night against Cleveland, he struck out three times, then hit a 430-foot home run.

There are various opinions about Killebrew's defensive ability at third base. Ellis Clary, a Senator coach, says he is 100% improved, which

could mean anything. George Kell, the Detroit radio announcer who for years was the best third baseman in the league, says Killebrew "gets by." Harmon himself admits "I'm no Pie Traynor." And his manager, Cookie Lavagetto, concedes that "he pays his way with his bat." And he does.

It is easy, looking at Killebrew from handshaking distance, to see where the power comes from. From years of helping his father paint houses in Payette, Harmon has developed thick forearms and wrists. His shoulders are wide. He weighs almost 200 pounds, even though he is only 5 feet 11.

"He's 5 feet 10 and 3/4 inches," his wife Elaine corrects.

"I'm 5 feet 11," repeats Harmon. "I measured myself against the door this morning."

Killebrew will be 23 in June. With his cap off he looks older, for his reddish-brown hair is fading in front.

*continued*



TONGUE stuck between his lips in the traditional sign of youthful determination, the Senators' powerfully muscled Killebrew swings with the raw strength of a young bull.

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**BASEBALL** Continued

He has an expression around his eyes of continuous surprise, delighted surprise, and no wonder. His nose is sharp and his mouth wide. No one would call him handsome, but his appearance is pleasant.

Killebrew has been married for four years. He has two sons, Cameron, 3, and Kenneth, 1. He has had little chance to see them lately, however, for, as he is discovering for himself, heroes are public property. Everybody wants him for something: interviews, endorsements and how-do-you-dos. Since he is an agreeable sort and new at the business of being a celebrity, he rarely says no.

One day recently, for instance, he met Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy at the Pentagon in the morning, then hustled over to a Kiwanis Club lunch at noon. Everyone in the room was excited about the Senators. Washington had beaten Detroit the night before, and they were in the first division. Killebrew had hit two home runs.

After the lunch came speeches by members of the club: Lavagetto, Bob Allison, the rookie centerfielder who looks like a .300-hitting fullback, and Roy Sievers, the team captain.

Killebrew spoke in the cleanup spot.

"People have been comparing me to Joe Hardy, the hero of the musical *Damn Yankees*," Killebrew told the group, referring to the George Abbott-Douglas Wallop hit show of a few years back. "You might be interested to hear what Bob Addie told me the other night after I had struck out against the Yankees to end the game. 'You may look like Joe Hardy to some,' Addie told me, 'but today you were more like Andy Hardy.'"

When the gathering broke up, Harmon hopped into his red-and-white Ford station wagon and made the half-hour drive to his apartment in Alexandria, Va. In the kitchen Elaine Killebrew, tall and blonde, was preparing spareribs. Harmon greeted her and sat down in the living room. It was sparsely furnished: a couch, a few chairs and a portable television set which was tuned in on a courtroom drama. There were no rugs.

"One writer who came out here wrote that the reason our apartment has so little furniture is that I didn't expect to stick with the team," said Harmon. "That just isn't so. This is a furnished apartment and this is all they give us."

Elaine came in from the kitchen. Harmon told her that Bob Wolff, the

**KEY SCENE FROM  
'DAMN YANKEES'**

MEG Did the Washington Senators win, dear? (He grunts)  
Oh, I'm sorry. Well, maybe they will next time  
JOE Damn Yankees.  
MEG What, dear?  
JOE I'd like to lick those damn Yankees just once.  
MEG But how can you if they're the champions?  
JOE If we had just one long ball hitter—just one . . .  
Wham! I'd sell my soul for one long ball hitter (There is eerie music . . . At this instant, APPLEGATE appears on the porch as if by magic)



**IN FAUSTIAN DEAL** devilish Mr. Applegate (seated) transforms middle-aged Joe



radio announcer, had asked him to attend a father-son softball game the next day. She looked displeased.

"Cammy cried for an hour after you left this morning," she said.

Elaine served the spareribs, Harmon ate; she didn't. Presently the Killebrew boys awoke from their naps. Cammy was sent outside to play. Kenny, eyes and nose red from a cold, stayed inside. Harmon and Elaine visited a few minutes more. Then it was 4 o'clock, time for Harmon to leave for the ball park.

"Drop around again some time," Elaine said to him.

Outside, Cammy spotted his father and raced over. "Where you going, Daddy?" he asked eagerly.

"To the ball park," Harmon said.

"Oh. O.K." The little boy turned and walked away.

A group of Harmon's teammates live in the same apartment area. They form a car pool and drive to work together. It was Killebrew's day to drive. One of the pool members was Russ Kemmerer, who is possibly a better comic than pitcher. Kemmerer had phoned Elaine while Harmon was out and, speaking in a foreign accent, had pretended to be a hi-fi dealer.

"We wish to install stereophonic

*continued*



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Boyd, a frustrated Washington Senator fan, into Joe Hardy, best hitter in game.

equipment in your leaving room," he had said. "Forty-two speakers. No music. Just the sound of ball meeting bat." Elaine had fallen for it, to Kermeyer's delight.

On the trip to the park the passengers gave Killebrew the business.

"My wife was going to come out to the game tonight. Wanted to see the Killer hit one."

"Killer don't hit one any more. He hits two."

"You should have seen Narlesko the other night. He was looking pretty good. Then the Killer swishes his bat once. Bam! I've never seen anybody look as sick as Narleski did."

"Yeah, when Killer's up, it's brute strength against brute strength."

Through all of this, Killebrew kept trying to change the subject, with no result. His teammates are getting a kick out of his success. Harmon, as the Killer, has become the symbol of the Senator's new prosperity.

#### KILLER AND BABE

When Killebrew dressed and came on the field the kidding continued. Roy Sievers, looking for a bat to use during hitting practice, ran about trying different ones. "Got to get me a Killer model," he yelled. "Where's a Killer model?" And finding one, letting out a lion's roar, "Ah ha, a Killer model!"

A Detroit player, standing beside Ellis Clary as he hit ground balls to Killebrew, said loudly, "I thought Babe Ruth played the outfield."

People with requests stopped Killebrew every five feet. "Harmon, I'm from a weekly newspaper in Maryland." An A.P. photographer wanted a shot of Harmon holding his bat right at the camera. When the game began, a host of photographers gathered several feet away from home plate when Harmon came to bat, oblivious of foul-ball perils. And when Harmon went to third, the photographers went to third.

The time will come, of course, when the photographers leave, for certainly Killebrew cannot continue to hit home runs at his current pace. When he cools off, the furor will subside. There will be fewer Kiwanis luncheons, fewer Pentagon rendezvous. There will be more time for home, and Killebrew's family won't mind that too much. Meanwhile, though, Washington and its Killer are having themselves a grand time.

END

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**Capital**  
AIRLINES

# Old Baldy vs. Old Bones

**Defending his lightweight title, Joe Brown stakes it against Paolo Rosi**

THE LIGHTWEIGHT division, the one in which there is more action in the ring than in the hearing rooms of boxing commissions, has a modest surplus of legitimate contenders for the title. One of these worthy opponents, ranked No. 3 by the National Boxing Association, gets a proper chance at the championship in Washington, D.C. next week.

This No. 3 contender is Paolo Rosi, a balding bleeder in his 30s, a nat-

uralized Italian who has proudly named one of his sons Dwight (for Ike) and the other Kenneth because it is so American. Paolo is essentially a club fighter, grotesque in style but remarkably effective against prettier men. On the night of June 3 he will be up against one of the prettier and prouder-named champions, Joe Brown, in one of the more attractive of TV's *Wednesday Night Fights*.

Joe has been a fighting champion, as the term is measured in these days of high taxes that generally make it unprofitable for a titleholder to risk his championship more than a couple of times a year. This will be Brown's seventh defense in little more than two years, and his 100th professional fight in 13 years of campaigning. Before that he was the Navy's lightweight champion during World War II, winning 16 fights between seven landings in the Pacific.

In contrast to Rosi, who is principally a slugger and taker, Brown is in the tradition of the truly knowing masters of the moves.

Paolo's brown eyes are ever a clear and present danger to his survival. He has had mounds of sensitive scar tissue removed from above them by surgery. But even so he has not lost a fight since December 1956, when he was stopped in the seventh (on a cut) by Baby Vasquez. Since then Paolo has rehabilitated himself with a decision over Vasquez and has destroyed the hopes of such wistful fellows as Frankie Ryff and Bobby Scanlon, both of whom, like Joe Brown, are sleek boxers. (What they lack, though, is the essential wisdom of the even sleeker Brown.) Paolo has, furthermore, beaten Johnny Busso, a club fighter who beat Brown when the title was not at stake, then made Brown look less than magnificent when the title was at stake.

The Brown-Rosi fight is, therefore, a natural sort of match, since it pits a sturdy puncher with a good left hook, conqueror of styllets and starthieves, against a boxer-puncher of

the old school, a sly trickster who can hit with either hand and doesn't care which.

Brown, who is known as Old Bones although he is a mere 33 by the official count and has not begun to approach the venerable status of an Archie Moore, has shown recent signs that he is about ready to be taken—not necessarily by Rosi but certainly, in due course, by one of the higher-ranking contenders.

There is, for instance, top-ranked Kenny Lane, the southpaw who was a mere point away from a draw and two points from the title when he met Brown last July at Houston. There is Carlos Ortiz, the young No. 2 challenger, a superior boxer and stout puncher now about to campaign against Lane in the regrettably revived junior welterweight division. On a good night, with a little bit of luck, either of these fighters might take Brown.

And so, for that matter, might Rosi, assuming that Old Bones is really over the hill, that time has drawn the temper of his ancapital weapons, and that he is about ready, as he himself has hinted in informal discourse, to pack it in for a lifetime of rest and contemplation of the better things.

The first hint that the end might be in sight for this once murderous puncher came on the night of the Lane fight, when his failure to handle an awkward situation with more than adequate grace was put down to the fact that he was baffled by Lane's southpaw stance and delivery. It was a forgivable lapse, but then in his next fight Brown was actually beaten by Busso in a 10-round over-the-weight contest. Well, it was assumed, that just meant Old Joe was shrewdly losing for the double purpose of building up a return match against Busso—this time for the title—and was trying to avoid a return match against Lane, who clearly deserved one. Still, when the title was at stake in the second Busso fight, Old Bones looked just barely good enough to win—and you can throw out some lopsided Houston judging in his favor.

This is not to suggest that Old Baldy is going to beat Old Bones. The odds at this distance from the fight seem a correct 2 to 1 in the champion's favor. But this coming Wednesday night will be a time to look keenly at Joe for those signs of disintegration that presage an early change in the championship. **END**



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# The Gary Coopers' Sporting Life

More than an avocation, sports—and the relaxation they afford—are a creed to this veteran star and his family

by JAMES MURRAY

WITH Gary Cooper, shown on **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** cover in perhaps the most unusual costume of his long career, the sporting life is more than a casual avocation. It is a complete way of life for him and his entire family and has been since courtship days. When daughter Maria, now 21, came along, the Coopers simply fitted her into the sports picture as casually and naturally as asking a fourth for tennis. From bird-shooting on the ranch to cricket-playing when, as a boy, he lived in England, Cooper has ranged over the whole spectrum of sport not just as a spectator

but as an enthusiastic participant.

Mrs. Cooper, the former Veronica Balfe, who is known as Rocky to her friends (and as Sandra Shaw from her acting days), has been as enthusiastic as her husband in her pursuit of athletics. Raised on Long Island in the salty company of yachtsmen like Coray Shields (her stepfather, Paul Shields, is his brother), she progressed to skeet shooting (she won the California women's championship one year), tennis, golf and finally, skiing and skin-diving. Torn between the last two, she awards them equal custody of her year—summer

for diving, winter for the snow slopes.

The Coopers found their latest avocation, skin-diving, via the medium of motion pictures. "We saw Cousteau's *The Silent World* and it mesmerized us," Rocky recalls. They immediately repaired to U.S. Divers Corporation, the Los Angeles branch of a French firm that produces most of the first-rate skin-diving equipment for this country. They wanted the works, they explained. They went through the accepted steps, learned the basic rules of survival and procedure in the new and exciting sport and duly earned their underwater wings.

Experts now, they remain true to the idealistic concept of the sport with which they first embraced it. They scorn spearfishing. "We figure

*continued*

FOOD / Mary Frost Mabon

## The Gary Coopers' favorite dish

THE ACTIVE-LIVING and unpretentious Gary Cooper family are fond of simple food. Gary often grills steak in the garden of their Los Angeles house on Sundays. Weekday favorites, well memorized by their Danish cook Lilly, include cheese soufflé and her special Danish pancakes folded over sour cream and jelly. But the one dish this family likes most of all—Gary, Rocky and daughter Maria are agreed—is spareribs and sauerkraut, served with green applesauce. "Lilly's a wonder at the whole thing," Rocky told me, and then had her demonstrate to prove it.

So here is Lilly's production. If the directions are followed closely, it is not unlikely that this Cooper household favorite will become one of yours, too. It has been a great addition to my own cooking repertoire, because it's absolutely the best dish of spareribs anyone has ever eaten. And canned sauerkraut, prepared as detailed below, tastes exactly as if it had been made at home.

**ROCKY COOPER**, chic in a Chanel suit, chats with her cook Lilly about the platterful of crisp-spareribs which have just come out of the wall oven shown partially at right of picture.

*Photograph by Louise Dahl-Walfe*

### CRUSTY SPARERIBS A LA COOPER *(serves four)*

Buy two sides of pork ribs. Have the butcher select the 10 meatiest ribs on each side, remove all possible fat and cut into two-bone portions. Arrange in a roasting pan and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place this pan, uncovered, in a preheated 450° oven till ribs are brown—that is, about 40 minutes. Then remove all melted fat from the pan with a squeegee-type baster. Add 1/2 cup water. Cover pan with lid and replace in oven for 1 1/2 hour. This steams and tenderizes the spareribs.

Now brush the ribs with about 3/4 cup of barbecue sauce to cover all surfaces. (The Coopers use Trader Vic's Barbecue Glaze.) Place pan, uncovered, in oven for 1 1/2 hour, basting frequently. Serve very hot and crusty, together with cold green applesauce and the following hot delight, timed to be ready simultaneously.

### LILLY'S SPECIAL SAUERKRAUT

Combine one No. 21 2-sauce can of Libby's sauerkraut with 1 1/4 cup canned applesauce, 1 cup strong veal or chicken broth, 1 small grated onion, 1 tablespoon of caraway seed, 1 1/2 teaspoon white pepper and 1 medium-sized raw potato, grated fine. Cook uncovered in a very thick pan over medium heat until the juice thickens. This will take about one hour.



**OFF TO THE DEPTHS.** Gary, Rocky and Maria (right) walk down to the craggy shore of the blue Mediterranean with their friend and fellow enthusiast Van Johnson.



**UP ON THE SLOPES.** the Coopers take a breather on Sun Valley's Ridge Run.



**DOWN IN THE DEPTHS.** Gary and Rocky explore coral reef formation off Nassau.



**UP IN THE HILLS.** Hunter Cooper in earlier days relaxes after a bird shoot with his old friend Ernest Hemingway and Taylor Williams, Sun Valley hunting guide.

#### SPORTING COOPERS continued

It's the fishes' world and we are intruders in it," explains Cooper. Their delight is in exploring—far and, on occasion, deep. Only this year, the Cooper women—mother Rocky and pretty Maria—plunged to a recorded depth of 110 feet. One of the witnesses was grumpy husband Gary, who bottomed at only 65 feet in his dive. "Damn fools, show-offs," was his considered opinion of the stunt. "Mighta got hurt." His womenfolk serenely smile at him when the subject comes up—as it frequently does when they see to it.

A bad back has curtailed Actor Cooper's skiing activities in recent years, and tennis became such a problem of finding the right congenial companions at the right time that the Coopers have pretty much put that in a closet for the time being. But Mrs. Cooper, who strongly approves of President Eisenhower's emphasis on fitness, also strongly urges that everyone take some kind of sport to give exercising the keenness of fun. "I just don't feel well if I don't have a certain amount of exercise every day," she says firmly.

Daughter Maria, a genuine beauty with the unmistakable bloom of health in her walk and clear eyes, has even taken up bicycling—stationary bicycling which, in the freeway-clogged hills of Los Angeles, is by all odds the safest kind. The Coopers, heeding Dr. Paul Dudley White's creed that a bicycle a day keeps the heart attack away, bought an Exercycle complete with pedometer to measure the miles ticked off in a given session.

But while she urges competitive sports if that will bring the spark of gaiety to exercising, Rocky Cooper strongly disapproves of the competitive urge that destroys the fun of the game. "A terrible thing is to see the way the competitive instinct distorts the features of some women. I used to have the competitive urge when I was younger, and I think that in a man's face the lines of grim resolve can be attractive. In a woman, no."

Of her husband, she says: "He plays golf, for instance, to relax. He doesn't go out to lose his disposition." Cooper assents. "When I go on the golf course I'm happy to break 100. And I like to play with people who treat the game that way. I stay away from those grim golfers. They can ruin an afternoon for anybody."

**END**





## Tip from the Top

WALTER BURKENS, Forest Hills CC, Detroit

### The long trap shot

WHEN the average golfer gets into a sand trap 75 yards or so from the green, he wants to play an explosion shot "like the pros." He takes in the healthy distance to the green and says to himself, "Now I'll really have to blast it to get it there." The results don't help his frame of mind much, or his score either.

To begin with, the average golfer is wrong when he thinks the pros play an explosion shot from that far out. The clubhead, of course, sometimes displaces quite a bit of sand after the ball has been struck, and maybe this is what gives the illusion that the pros hit the sand before the ball on this kind of shot. They don't—or at least they try not to. They try to "pick" the ball on a long trap shot, contacting it cleanly and hitting it just below the center.

On this shot there's very little shifting of weight. You keep the body anchored, for you play this shot just about entirely with the arms and wrists. You have to cock the wrists correctly going back to execute the shot well. And you must concentrate, for no shot in which the club has to make precise contact with the ball is an easy one. One further point: always use the sand wedge.



NEXT TIP: Blanche Suhl on generating clubhead speed

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## An ever-elusive grail

**The Walker Cup is still an American possession despite a most unreserved British assault. However, the pressure persists**

FOUR SPRINGS AGO, when the 15th Walker Cup match was played at St. Andrews, British golfing fortunes fell to a new low. For the first time since the biennial matches had begun back in 1922 a British team playing on its own soil dropped all four of the foursomes, in which two partners hit alternate shots, usually held on the first day of the two-day meeting and followed on the second by eight singles. To make matters worse that drizzly May day at St. Andrews, Britain seemed to have the important first foursome all wrapped up. Their two most experienced players, Ronnie White and Joe Carr, held a 1-up lead on Harvie Ward Jr. and Don Cherry with three holes to go. Moreover, White and Carr seemed certain to win the 34th, a medium-length par 4; for after Ward and Cherry had tangled with

the famous bunker called the Principal's Nose off the tee, the Americans were playing their fourth at about the same spot on the fairway where the British were playing their second. Then it happened. Carr and White needed four shots to get down from 140 yards out, and the Americans, let off the hook with a halve in 5, went on to take the 35th and the 36th and the match when the British pair continued to falter badly.

Golf defeats at the hands of the Americans are not a new story to the British and they usually can absorb them with honest stoicism, but that shutout in the foursomes was just too much gall and wormwood on the rocks. That very night they decided that their old *laissez-faire* methods had to be abandoned. It would no longer do to collect for the Walker Cup 10 amateurs who had looked

fairly impressive in small events and to hope that somehow they might rise to the peak of their games on the big international weekend—because they seldom did. At the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews the responsibility for revitalizing amateur golf was given to Gerald Micklen and Raymond Oppenheimer, appointed to be the new Walker Cup captain and the new chairman of the selection committee respectively.

In a land where the cry is often raised that amateur golf is a closed corporation except for wearers of the right tie and blazer, Micklen and Oppenheimer scoured every inch of golf territory in their hunt to uncover and encourage new talent. In the summer of 1957, when the Walker Cup was played at Minikahda in Minneapolis, the British, though they ultimately lost 8-3, made their best showing ever in America. At noon on the second day they were actually in the lead. In 1958 the renaissance of British amateur golf continued apace. That summer a team of 10 amateurs trounced a team of British professionals, the same personnel who had beaten our pros for the Ryder Cup. In the autumn in the Eisenhower Cup their four-man team missed tying the Australians and Americans by only one shot.

The British goal from the beginning was this year's Walker Cup match at Muirfield, Scotland, on May 15 and 16. The opening day, the day of the foursomes, finally arrived, and after four years of all this effort and patience and planning, once again the British lost all four foursomes. It meant little that the scores in three matches had been close and that on the second day three British players (Carr, Reid Jack and Alex Shepperson) won their singles to make the final score United States 9, Great Britain 3, for the story of the 1959 Walker Cup was this minor tragedy of immense work bringing only extreme frustration. "We intend to go on learning and to

**PUZZLEMENT** over the line of the putt sends young Jack Nicklaus, 19, of the U.S. team, onto his back in the weeds with his caddy. Scottish spectators are pleased



go on trying," Micklem said calmly at the presentation ceremonies, "and we will be after you again in 1961." That is for certain, for the Walker Cup has become a sort of Holy Grail for present-day British sportsmen. One of these years they will win it. This may happen, oddly enough, in America before it does in Britain. For when they are playing at home, the terrible tension bred by their own awareness of what they must do imposes on the players an intolerable burden, it appears; and piled on top of this is the uninterrupted consciousness of how serious the outcome of each shot is to their supporters, who line the fairways with a graveness that remains undisguised for all their efforts to remind themselves that, after all, this is only a golf match.

#### INTENT AMERICANS

The other half of the story of the 1959 meeting is the story of how an intent American team, reacting to the spur of competition with an individual and collective determination, produced golf that was sound and forceful and in the clutch frequently brilliant. They did this on a course which none of the five veterans (Captains Charley Coe, Billy Joe Patton, Bill Hyndman, Bud Taylor and Harvie Ward) had seen before, and which presented even stranger problems for the four kids on the team (Ward Wettlaufer, 23, Tommy Aaron, 22, Deane Beman, 21, and Jack Nicklaus, 19), none of whom had ever played in Britain. Muirfield, 6,806 yards in length with an approximate par of 35-35-70, is undoubtedly the finest orthodox test of golfing skill in Great Britain. Unlike St. Andrews, which is special to itself, none of Muirfield's bunkers is hidden. There are about 190 of them and they are the key of the course. These bunkers vary in area, naturally, but the average Muirfield bunker is about the size of a service court in tennis. It is about four feet deep at the base of the abrupt front wall, sometimes deeper. These walls are works of art, composed of thin strips of turf, set together as precisely and smoothly as the bricks in a Swedish town hall.

More to the golfer's concern, these bunkers are adroitly positioned. They make Muirfield a severe test of control driving, for you must always play away from the well-advertised danger they hold. In the green areas the bunkers appear in clusters and there they are sometimes five to eight



WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC GRINS and snappy blazers, seven of nine-man U.S. team pose around cup. They are (from left) Tommy Aaron, Jack Nicklaus, Harvie Ward, Charley Coe, Deane Beman, Bill Hyndman, Frank Taylor. Patton and Wettlaufer are not shown.

feet below the putting surface. In a wind it takes very accurate shotmaking to avoid them, but this is only half of the problem Muirfield poses. The other is gauging the distance on your approaches. Conditions quite unlike those in America prevail. The unwatered greens are hard, and the resilient, close-cropped fairways are almost as fast, especially after a rainless week. Land your ball on a green or an apron, and unless you are playing into a wind which has killed its flight the ball bounds off like a jack-rabbit. Accordingly, you must figure out how many yards on the fairway before the green you want your approach to alight so that it will expend its bounce and its roll near the pin. Putting is much the same story. The ball always rolls much further than you expect at first. Time after time, when you watch a player putt a 40-footer, you feel very weak-minded, because your first impression is that the ball will fall many feet short of the cup; but somehow it keeps on coasting and coasting, and often it is 10 feet past before it subsides.

What the American team did—and it was no small feat, for the four freshmen especially—was to learn in a matter of days to adjust themselves to these new and ticklish conditions (and to the small British ball) and at the same time not lose the attacking spirit for which our players are correctly celebrated. During the matches it was they who looked like the natives and the British like the

visitors, for their superiority was most marked when it came to controlling the ball on touchy pitches and from pitch-and-run shots 100 yards or less from the pin. They putted more steadily than their opponents, for the most part, and were effective playing "The East Lothian wedge," the putter from off the edge of the green. In passing it might also be noted that our players also adjusted nicely to Colonel Evans-Lombe, Muirfield's musical-comedy secretary who not infrequently, as he rides his bicycle relentlessly over the course, will suddenly dart out of nowhere to upbraid a slovenly golfer who has replaced his lift after an iron shot but neglected to replace it so that it is perfectly aligned with the grain of the fairway.

On the Friday when the foursomes took place the wind was fairly stiff, but the air was mild and the sky blue, a continuation of the remarkably pleasant and dry two-sweater spring weather the Scots somberly referred to as a "heat wave." General opinion favored Britain to take the first foursome match in which the established firm of Red Jack and Douglas Sewell was facing Bud Taylor and Harvie Ward, and also to take the second in which Joe Carr and Guy Wolstenholme (who had beaten Henry Cotton and Dai Rees in their final tune-up) were against Bill Hyndman and Tommy Aaron. In the third—Coe and Patton vs.

*continued*



Arthur Perowne and Michael Bonalack—the United States was a heavy favorite; so much so, in fact, it was wondered why Captain Coe had chosen to place this powerful combination in third position. We were given a slight edge in the last match, in which two of our very good whiz kids, Wettlaufer and Nicklaus, were opposing the only slightly older pair of Michael Lunt, 24, and Alec Shepperson, 23, the latter a law student who is the best of the young British golfers. In one respect, this advance dope was right on the nose: Teaming beautifully, Coe and Patton won the first four holes. Pouring it on all the way for fear they might let up, they were around in 72, a splendid score at Muirfield, and stood 8 up at lunch. They had made only one penalising mistake, and in the afternoon they made only one more and ran the match out 9 and 8.

#### UTTER CONFIDENCE

The three other matches were so close they might have gone either way. In the fourth foursome, Wettlaufer and Nicklaus, 4 down after the 13th, got back in the game by sweeping the 16th, 17th and 18th, and playing with utter coolness and confidence, eventually won it with a par 5 on the 17th, or 35th. The British players almost invariably had a great deal of trouble with this 17th hole, a 513-yarder which doglegs to the left after the drive and which plays much longer and harder when the wind is blowing out of the east and against the players, which it was. The drive must be kept away from a series of four bunkers which commands the elbow of the dogleg. The second shot must be swatted over the two most awesome bunkers on the course which thrust themselves up with real menace in the heart of the fairway. The third shot is a pitch downhill to a punchbowl green with a narrow entrance. It was here that Carr and Wolstenholme, all square after 34 holes with Hyndman and Aaron, also lost their match. With the British half 50 yards short of the pin in two, Carr elected to try to roll a low pitch-and-run over the hard shoulder of the mounding at the right entrance to the green. The ball kicked far off the line and left Wolstenholme with a 40-footer. He was short with it, about five feet short, and Carr then missed that one. It was a hard way to lose so

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tough a match, but what had befallen Sewell and Jack moments earlier was no easier. All square against Ward and Taylor on the 36th, they stood helplessly by as Ward stroked a winning birdie putt up over a slippery rise and slowly into the center of the cup from 30 feet away. All day long Harvie had been struggling with his tee shots. The swing which carried him to one British and two U.S. amateur championships may have lost some of its repose and rhythm, but Ward remains a great golfer. Somehow or other, he will usually contrive to come through with winning shots. In the early stages of the match Bud Taylor's sturdy and straight play had compensated to a good degree for Harvie's errors, and down the stretch, with Taylor as reliable as ever, Ward won it with what surely must be the most fantastic burst of putting in Walker Cup history. He holed from 30 feet on the 26th, from 25 feet, downhill, on the 31st, then from 40 feet on the 33rd before rolling in the long clincher on the home green. Each putt, by the way, fell into the middle of the hole with perfect pace, as if it had been putted from two feet.

Barring a miraculous recovery yielding 6½ points in the singles, the American monopoly of the foursomes had as good as settled the outcome of the 17th Walker Cup match. Accordingly, on the day of the singles, a gray day in which a Scottish haze, a sea mist off the firth, fogged the course till noon, the spectators had their minds half on the golf they were watching and with the other half were probing such problems as why it is American golfers finish a round so well and British golfers so poorly. For instance, in the morning round of the foursomes, all four British teams had lost the 18th hole, a tightly trapped 427-yarder played into a cross-wind blowing left to right across the fairway. In the singles this same pattern reasserted itself, only more emphatically. Charley Coe, 3 down to Carr, won the 17th and 18th. Ward, even with Wolstenholme, won the 16th and 17th. Patton took the 17th and 18th. Hyndman (in his most irresistible form on both days) the 17th and 18th, Aaron the 18th, Deane Bennan (ably replacing Taylor, who had graciously stepped down) the 18th, Wettlaufer (around in 69) the 17th and 18th, and Nicklaus (around in an equally magnificent

continued

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GOLF continued

70) the 17th. Well, then, why do these things occur?

There is no one answer. There may well be something, for example, in Henry Cotton's on-the-spot comment that our boys eat more meat (such as lamb chops for breakfast) than do the British on the days of a match and consequently have more physical stamina. There undoubtedly is something in the quick surmise Gerald Micklem and Raymond Oppenheimer made, as they unblinkingly launched another four-year plan, that they had failed to provide their team with enough experience playing before large galleries, which, to be sure, are generally collected at the holes near the clubhouse. But at the heart of the answer, it is suggested, is the sharp truth that our players simply come from a harder school. To make your way to the top, either in professional or amateur golf, in a land as populous as ours where tens of scores of players have the talent to back up their ambition, you have got to mean business every step of the way, and our players have this fact of life burned into their consciousness at a very tender age. At Muirfield, with everyone raring to go, to play his very best golf and meaning to win, the only additional quality the American team required was sure leadership, and Captain Charley Coe, with a decade of Walker Cup experience behind him, provided this quite superbly all the way.

#### LUCKY ACCIDENT

There is much more that could be written about this Walker Cup match — how, in the singles, Joe Carr's putter was trampled on and broken by an uprushing spectator, forcing him to putt (much better, it turned out) with his three-iron; the immaculate shotmaking of Reid Jack in the afternoon portion of his return match with Patton; young Tommy Aaron's astonishing poise as he and Hyndman stood off the big team of Carr and Woistenholme in the foursomes — but the one main impression that remains with this observer was the unflagging verve with which the five American veterans and the four precocious kids went about their golf. On paper they looked to be a fairly strong side, but at Muirfield they showed themselves to be one of the most formidable teams we have ever sent to Britain.

END



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## A defense with a false gift

THIS is Bridge Week in Los Angeles and, by the time its championship events are over, an alltime tournament attendance record is likely to be shattered.

The West Coast area is strongly represented in the expert column not only by home-grown talent but by a number of European bridge stars who have settled there. Among these is Stella Rebner—formerly of Vienna, now one of the high-ranking players in this country—who recently gave a stylish exhibition of defense in this hand.

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♣	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♣	PASS	3♥	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: spade 3

West's hand was hardly one to inspire any particular optimism and, with all four suits bid by the opponents, it seemed that no opening lead was especially inviting. West finally decided in favor of the spade 3. Mrs. Rebner, playing East, put up the ace, and the declarer, who seemed to know his way around the course, dropped the queen. Now East went into a huddle, and you are invited

to join her in trying to uncover the winning defense.

While you're thinking things over, let me develop the hint I dropped when I implied that South's play of the spade queen was wise. If he had held on to that card and a second spade was led, West would simply have refused to take it. Declarer would win one spade trick but could not develop another for lack of entries to dummy. However, good plays sometimes breed great counterplays, and that was the case here.

East led the queen of hearts directly into the teeth of dummy's ace-king-jack! Far from being an act of charity, this shrewd maneuver gave declarer an extra heart trick, but it deprived him of three tricks in spades.

At this point the best declarer could do was cash dummy's three good hearts, discarding a couple of diamonds. Then he took the club finesse, cashed the club ace and led a third club, but the suit didn't break, and now the declarer was doomed.

Now observe how pleasant South's life would have been had East returned anything but a heart, and any heart but the queen. Declarer would have had time to clear the spades for three winners while he still held a heart for entry to dummy, and the successful club finesse would have given him nine tricks.

How could East tell that the heart play would set the hand? She couldn't be sure—but she could deduce from the bidding that it was the only valid hope. South had at least five clubs from the rebid of that suit and probably five diamonds from the fact he had hid diamonds first. Since East was looking at the 2 of spades, West's lead of the 3 identified a four-card suit, leaving South with just two. There was room in declarer's hand for only one heart. It was essential to remove that card before the spade suit could become established, and if East led any heart but the queen she would be giving North five heart tricks.

The carping critic might point out that East's attack would have boomeranged had South's singleton heart been the 10, but to this I can only point out that the odds were four to one against it—and furthermore, if that had been the situation, the contract couldn't have been defeated.

### EXTRA TRICK

Be wary of bidding three no trump on misfit hands. Having shown his distribution, South should have contented himself with expressing a preference for North's spade suit, bidding three spades instead of three no trump. Defeat of a four-spade contract would have been beyond the most capable defenders. **END**

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## GREAT LAKES CRUISE

continue from page 29

The next big stop after Blind River is Aird Island, but either Turnbull or Serpent Harbor makes a fine place to stay overnight—always provided that you get away from Blind River early enough to make port well before dark. In general, from Blind River on along the north shore the mainland harbors like Serpent have houses, outboard fishermen, Indian homes and vacation cottages. So, if you want your cruising in wild and woolly surroundings, stay out in islands like Turnbull.

### SIDE TRIP 4: Serpent Harbor

Serpent, 15 miles from Blind River, is well-known for its fishing. Further-



more, it has a nice anchorage on the east shore of Noble's Island. Here, where the great cliffs plunge straight to the water, you can take the family swimming in relative privacy. No swimming quite matches hopping from a niche in one of these cliffs, five or six or 10 feet above the water. For safety's sake take a lead line along to check the depths of any swimming hole you pick. On the cliff's face you will find giant iron rings bolted to the rock, rings once used by the lumber schooners that took Ontario's virgin timber to market. On the mainland are the ruins of the Indian mill, and west of this several Indian homes. The Indians may not be in full regalia but the youngsters won't mind: an Indian is an Indian. And for you the right Indian can be a crackerjack guide to fishing in the area. Go in and talk to Arthur Pelletier. He'll probably be up at his woodshed, carefully piecing scrap lumber together to make a fishing dory. Pelletier can find fish for you if they are to be found—at \$12 a day. If you are not really familiar with Serpent's good holes the \$12 is well spent. Serpent is full of pike and muskie, and you may latch on to an occasional muskie, anywhere from 15 to 30 pounds. If

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### GREAT LAKES CRUISE *continued*

you try fishing on your own, work down to the weed bed at the mouth of the Serpent River, which runs into the bottom of the harbor. Even if you don't have a bite, there will be the late light falling across the cliffs, an occasional Indian boat drifting quietly by and, later on, the anchor light of your yacht glimmering across from Noble's. If it's a moonlight night, at midnight all over the harbor fish splash and dance along the surface, even thudding against the side of the ship to make sure the crew comes awake to watch them.

**Fishing tip:** Unless you are an experienced fisherman, with set ideas on tackle, try the following Amateur's Outfit for North Channel Fishing: a couple of tough fiber-glass poles, several hundred-foot reels of 15-pound nylon line, a good supply of nylon leaders, a half dozen small wooden plugs for casting, eight or 10 small gold or silver trolling spoons and three or four big casting spoons. Keep the tackle in a small box cleated under the seat of the dinghy; hook the poles under the gunwales, and wedge a net under the bow thwart. Leave your fishing gear permanently stowed in the dinghy and you'll find that fishing is just a matter of hopping aboard the dinghy—rather than a tedious task of burrowing around for your gear below and then loading it into the dinghy before each start.

### SIDE TRIP to Turnbull Island

After you cover the 12 miles from Blind River and swing around the end of Turnbull into the fine, protected harbor on the west, you will have run your first regiments of delightful smooth-sided rock uslets, a sample of the cruising to come. Turnbull is



POWERBOAT NOSES DOWN CHANNEL

uninhabited and untouched, an island you can make your own. Here you can swim, take a private sunbath in the altogether ensconced on beach towels on the smooth top of a glacier-polished rock, wander inland in hiking shoes to scrounge among the blueberry bushes, or walk around the shore, rod in hand, popping your casting plugs into likely-looking weed beds, with a good chance of carrying home enough perch and bass for a fish fry. If you find that Turnbull is the sort of thing you like, you will like the Whalesback Channel even more. The Whalesback, where *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* starts you next week, begins just west of Turnbull and runs 15 delightful miles to Little Detroit passage at the far end of Aird Island. Even though you are following a seven-day course through the North Channel, from one end to the other, there is no real reason why you should not spend all seven days in the Whalesback and save the rest of the grounds for another time. Above all, don't miss the point of your cruise: the pleasure of taking your time, chugging leisurely between islands, giving in to the impulse to investigate, taking pictures, hopping over the side for a swim, and deferring decisions until morning.

#### NEXT WEEK: PART II

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# THE MAN, THE HORSE AND THE DEAL THAT MADE HISTORY

by WHITNEY TOWER

**John W. Galbreath, sportsman and businessman extraordinary, acquires the wonder horse Ribot. Next step: a superstrain?**

At about 10 o'clock on the wintry night of Monday, March 9, 1966, the sharp ring of a telephone broke the peaceful silence in the library of John W. Galbreath's 3,400-acre Darby Dan Farm outside of Columbus, Ohio. The master of the house lifted the receiver and strained for a moment to identify the voice on the other end. "Geneva, Switzerland calling," said the operator. Then, seconds later, the calm, unhurried, Kentucky-accented voice of an old friend came crackling over the transatlantic wires: "John, this is Gayle. The deal is closed. You've got the horse."

"It was," recalled John Galbreath last week as he sat in the same library surrounded by his breeding charts and Thoroughbred racing manuals, "the moment I'd been waiting for nearly two years." A man well accustomed to making deals involving astronomical figures in both sports and big business, Galbreath was not speaking idly. The transaction completed and signed in Geneva barely an hour before by his personal envoy, Attorney Gayle A. Mohney of Lexington, Ky., represents the alltime

world-record price for the transfer of a Thoroughbred race horse from one man to another.

Both the horse and the terms were as extraordinary as the price. What Galbreath acquired was none other than the 7-year-old Ribot, wonder horse of Italy (SI, Dec. 10, 1956), winner of all 16 starts in a career climaxed by a second successive victory in the grueling Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in 1956. What he paid was \$1,350,000—not to own, but to lease Ribot for the period of five years, beginning on or about July 15, 1966—or, in other words, a price of \$270,000 a year.

Never in the long, tricky, involved and sometimes unscrupulous world of horse trading has there ever been a deal quite like this one. True, horses have been sold outright for more than \$1,350,000, and nobody is more aware of this than Galbreath himself, for he holds that world record too: \$2 million paid to Rex Ellsworth for his champion Swaps. But Swaps, for better or worse, is married for life to Galbreath's stallion barn and the abundance of high-priced mares on the

Darby Dan Farm in Lexington. Ribot, by terms of the March 9 contract, returns to Italy in 1968, unless a new agreement can be signed.

To those who have been closely following the racing career of John Galbreath (whose Darby Dan string races separately from that of Mrs. Galbreath, owner of Summer Tan), his recent financial deals should come as no great surprise. From a modest start in racing some 15 years ago, he started rebuilding his stable in earnest in 1953 and, although he hasn't said it in so many words, there is no doubt in the minds of most of racing's leading breeders that Galbreath has the same clearly defined objective in mind for his Darby Dan Farm as he has for his in-and-out Pittsburgh Pirates: to get to the top.

The master of Darby Dan has spared neither money nor effort in pursuing his goal. Ready to greet Ribot when he arrives in Kentucky next summer will be fellow stallions Swaps, Summer Tan and Errard (all of whom belong to the Galbreaths), Sailor (in whom Galbreath has a syndicate interest), Helioscope (owned by William Helis but standing at Darby Dan) and the former champion sprinter Decathlon. The Lexington

*continued*



**THE GREAT RIBOT**, former undefeated champion of Europe, poses in Italy during negotiations for his 1960 transfer to the

U.S. Now in his third season at stud, 7-year-old Ribot won all 16 of his races, including three English and French classics.



**SUMMER TAN**, over-all winner of \$542,736 and second-best U.S. 2-year-old of 1954, looks at his owner, Mrs. Galbreath, near Darby Dan's Kentucky stallion barn.

**RIBOT** continued

farm, managed by capable Olin Gentry, boasts 77 mares, including 13 owned in partnership with Aly Khan and many others bought outright from Aly and his late father, the Aga. There are 30 yearlings, including four fillies and two colts by Swaps, and another eight yearlings on the farm in Ohio, which is undergoing major improvements (*i.e.*, a 600-acre soil program designed to produce 1,000 tons of hay annually for Darby Dan horses, a new yearling barn with enclosed quarter-mile track, and 20 new paddocks with parasite-free grass). In addition to all this, by the end of the 1959 foaling period Galbreath should be able to count a total of 42 newcomers, of which six colts and six fillies sired by Swaps have already arrived. Next spring five mares purchased abroad by the Galbreaths are expected to drop Ribot foals, after which all five mares will be bred right back to him. Add in the 25

## ALL THIS— AND THE PIRATES TOO

*In baseball, John Galbreath has suffered the only setback of his career*

**J**OHN WILMER GALBREATH, the man who pulled off one of the great coups in American racing history, is an ebullient real estate tycoon who plans projects of mammoth and glittering proportions while riding in an airplane and works a 14-hour day with a hyperthyroid drive that would sap the energies of most normal men at the end of an hour. Smallish (5 feet 8 inches), he is an essentially unpretentious, even diffident man with simple, direct ways and a penchant for financial orthodoxy. Practically the only thing he shares in common with the other self-made moneymakers of his day is his almost pathological distaste for failure—a fact which serves to undermine a paradox in Galbreath's life. Since 1950 he has been the president and the majority stockholder in the Pittsburgh Pirates.

John Galbreath broods about the Pirates often. Even after last year's second-place finish in the National League, they remain the one imper-

fect operation of his entire career.

"The frustrating thing about baseball," Galbreath said morosely not long ago, "is that unlimited money and untiring efforts don't solve problems. I spent three times more than I ever intended to put into my team, and for eight years the living hell was irritated out of me by a ball club that was the doormat of the league. They told me this year I had a shot at the pennant, but I've been hit over the head so often I don't dare dream of winning."

The Pirates alone have thrown a monkey wrench into a career that led from a humble Ohio farm to the leadership of a realty and construction empire with an estimated annual volume exceeding \$100 million. Galbreath was the prime mover, among other things, behind the \$43 million, 45-story Sococo Mobil skyscraper in New York, the largest building erected anywhere in the world since 1933. Galbreath, who prides himself on

finding simple solutions to complicated problems, met the rigorous conditions laid down by the trustees of the Robert W. Goellet estate, which owned the choice square block diagonally opposite Grand Central Terminal, and plucked out the lushest plum in a quarter century with a cash outlay of only \$650,000.

While this was undoubtedly the outstanding single achievement of his career, Galbreath takes his greatest pride in a quite different operation. He pioneered—and is still leader of—the movement to rehabilitate the festering eyesore of the company town, and in doing so brought home ownership to tens of thousands of families. Nothing he has done has ever given him more satisfaction.

Oddly, Galbreath is almost unknown to the public as a tycoon. It is for his activities in sport that he has won fame in America. Balanced almost equally with his ownership of horses and the Pirates in the public mind is his partisanship for Ohio State football teams. The office of John W. Galbreath & Co. in Columbus, Ohio is dominated by photographs of four players. Three enshrined heroes are former Ohio State stars—Chick Harley, the school's first All-America in 1916; Vic Janowicz, the 1950 Heisman Trophy winner; and John Borton, a member of the

horses in training under Jimmy Conway (seven owned exclusively by Mrs. Galbreath are under the care of Sherrill Ward), and Darby Dan has an investment almost impossible to calculate. Some of Galbreath's owner-breeder contemporaries have conservatively estimated that his purchases, syndicate memberships and now the leasing of Ribot have cost him at least \$5 million in less than six years, and none of this includes the additional exorbitant expenses involved in running two farms and operating a first-class racing stable. But even Galbreath himself says he wouldn't know how to figure the total. "Frankly," he replied to the question last week as he climbed over paddock fences with the never-failing energy of a human dynamo, "I never thought about the total investment, and what with all the many transactions going on all the time I wouldn't know where to begin."

Galbreath, although he intends to

*continued*



**SWAPS, 1956 HORSE OF THE YEAR**, held by Owner Galbreath, was bought from Rex Ellsworth for a record price of \$2 million after he set or tied five world marks.

1954 team that won in the Rose Bowl. The fourth player got in on a pass. He is Daniel Galbreath, Amherst '50. "Danny was just a run-of-the-mine fullback," his father says apologetically, "but he's the best athlete we've ever had in the family, so I put him in my little Hall of Fame."

Sometimes accused of being a frustrated athlete himself, Galbreath laughs uproariously at the idea. "Sports are strictly a diversion to me," he says. "I strained for 30 years to pull myself up by the bootstraps. I'm in a position to enjoy myself now, and nothing gives me more pleasure than sports."

Actually, Galbreath was the shortstop on his high school team at Mount Sterling, a little town 25 miles south of Columbus, and he played in the outfield at Ohio University for two years. Married in 1921, he has two children, Danny, now learning his father's business, and Joan, who is married to James Phillips and has four children. Galbreath's first wife died in 1946. In 1955 he married Dorothy Bryan Firestone, a distinguished sportswoman in her own right, who was the widow of Russell Firestone, son of the tire-company founder.

Galbreath got into baseball in 1946 when he invested a modest \$400,000 in a four-man syndicate that purchased the Pirates for over \$2 mil-

lion. His associates were Frank E. McKinney, an Indianapolis banker and politico who was the majority stockholder; Bing Crosby, who bought—and still holds—a 15% interest; and Thomas P. Johnson, a Pittsburgh attorney. Galbreath's share was less than 20%—but not for long.

Three years later, after the syndicate had spent \$5 million to rehabilitate both the Pirates and their dilapidated ball park, and had furthermore been skinned alive in a deal with Branch Rickey, then the resident genius in Brooklyn, McKinney escaped to the comparative safety of Indiana politics, selling his interest in the team to Galbreath in July 1950. Galbreath wound up with 50% of the stock and the presidency of a team rooted in the cellar. His first move was to hire Branch Rickey as his general manager.

Rickey tore the organization apart, expanded the scouting staff from five to 15 men and signed 425 players (the year before the Pirates had signed 12). He got rid of his few stars and played young ballplayers who weren't ready for the majors, theorizing that they would develop under forced pressure. The memory of that policy still makes Galbreath grimace.

"The program was better than anything in sight and I went along

with it," he said, "but there was one complication I didn't anticipate. Our teams were so bad we antagonized the fans." In 1954, with the Pirates languishing in the cellar for the third successive season Galbreath told Rickey the gravy train was over. Rickey held out for two more years before surrendering his General Manager's job to Joe L. Brown.

"A lot of people think I stayed too long with Rickey," Galbreath reflects today, "but I don't know. I've been knocking my brains out trying to figure why Rickey's system functioned so well for 30 years in St. Louis and Brooklyn but flopped in Pittsburgh. We gave contracts to more than a thousand kids in four years, but only two, Dick Groat and Bill Mazeroski, really made the grade. I just don't know the answer. If I did, I'd be a happier man."

Richer, too. Between 1952 and 1956, according to the figures revealed by the House Judiciary Subcommittee investigating baseball, the Pirates' net loss was \$1,537,363.

Galbreath, however, believes that the game has taught him one thing: patience. "When you start from scratch as I did," he says, "it takes a long time for a team to ripen on the vine. Boy, you've got to have patience, even if it kills you."

—STANLEY FRANK

breed 15 of his own mares annually to Ribot starting in 1961 (the same number he currently breeds to Swaps), is not banking all his future on these two as yet unproven stallions. He is going whole hog in the expensive, hit-or-miss, hidden gamble in racing, the syndicate (SI, Sept. 29, 1968). He owns one or more shares in Tudor Minstrel (sire of Kentucky Derby winner Tomy Lee), Royal Charger (sire of Preakness winner Royal Orbit), My Baba, Arctic Prince, Olympia, Gallant Man, Turn-to, Polynesian, Roman and Sailor. And as though that weren't awe-inspiring enough, Darby Dan also has contracts for individual seasons to such stallions as Tom Fool, Princequillo, Hasty Road, Hill Prince, Mark-Ye-Well, Nashua, Dedicate, Bold Ruler, Helioscope, Citation and Tim Tam. Few breeders in the world could envision a better over-all list.

What is he doing it all for? The energetic member of The Jockey Club

and board of trustees of the New York Racing Association smiles when the question is put to him. "It's just like any other business where you try to raise, build or create a good product," he says. "I guess you'd have to say we'd just like to raise some good horses—it's that simple."

Mrs. Galbreath added a new and stimulating thought. "This country's racing is becoming more allied every year with racing in Europe," she said. "It should not necessarily be a one-way deal in which American breeders take advantage of European stock. I'm thinking now of mares, for example, owned by Aly Khan in this country. Wouldn't it be exciting for everyone in racing if one day we could see or read about a son of Swaps or Summer Tan or any of our former champions reversing the current trend and winning a major foreign classic? I think that time will come, and when it does it will be a wonderful day for everyone who loves the sport."

For Galbreath the most wonderful of all days will be that on which he

discovers that he has succeeded in breeding a horse like Swaps, whom he considers the greatest he ever saw, or Ribot, whom he never saw race but whom he nonetheless considers the greatest champion of modern times. A firm believer in the breeding theories of Ribot's late owner-trainer-breeder, Federico Tesio, Galbreath sets up his own aims in the same words as Italy's most famous horseman: "My aim is to breed and raise a race horse which, over any distance, can carry the heaviest weight in the shortest time."

To achieve this goal Galbreath drafted for himself a master plan. First came the acquisition of mares with racing pedigrees and production records. Next target: Swaps. "Aside from his remarkable ability on the race track," says Galbreath, "Swaps's female line had particular appeal to me. I was not overly interested in his sire line [Swaps is by Khaled, a son of Hyperion]. I didn't need any more Hyperion blood because I already had plenty of it both in our stallions and in our mares. But when you consider now that three of Swaps's first four dams have produced Kentucky Derby winners his value became inestimable. Rex Ellsworth needed the money to engage in his own buying program just as much as I needed Swaps, and so we made a deal: I bought half of Swaps, for \$1 million just before his injury in New Jersey in 1936. I wanted very much to have Swaps in Kentucky, but it was another year before I was able to buy the other half of him for another \$1 million. That price of \$2 million has never before been officially released."

With Swaps safely in the stud barn at Darby Dan Farm the third and most important target for Galbreath to shoot at was Ribot. After his final triumph in Paris, Ribot had gone on a one-year deal to Lord Derby's stud farm in England. By now he was the official property of a corporation known as Ravva Dormello Olgiata, owned by Tesio's longtime partner, Marchese Mario Incisa della Rocchetta, and Tesio's widow, Donna Lydia Tesio, herself one of the world's most knowledgeable horsewomen. The process of negotiating for his services on any kind of a long-term basis proved to be lengthy and involved.

"When Ribot went to stud in England," says Galbreath, "we arranged through Frank More O'Ferrall, our agent, chairman of the Anglo-Irish

continued

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Paul Bonner, returning in triumph to San Juan. Photograph by Tom Holloman.

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Agency, to obtain for us some seasons to Ribot on a two-year arrangement at \$9,000 per season on a live foal basis. We bought five mares in England for \$100,200 and sent them to Ribot. During the course of these negotiations More O'Ferrall started angling for a possible sale. But the more he explored the situation the more impossible it looked."

A basic difficulty facing Galbreath in his efforts to acquire Ribot was the fact that by Italian law a stud must stand three seasons in his native country before being permanently exported. Furthermore, the government had levied an export tax on stallions which made it impractical to sell even the very best of local Thoroughbreds. The only possible deal, More O'Ferrall advised Galbreath, was to arrange for a rental over a maximum period of five years. Galbreath agreed, and the London broker, given the green light, started preliminary negotiations. They dragged on for nearly a year and a half. At the same time other individuals and syndicates were trying to get Ribot. At one point the Italian corporation controlling Ribot even turned down \$2 million for him.

#### QUICK ACTION

Galbreath finally decided to go all out. Early in February of this year Lawyer Gayle Mohnsey, racing's leading syndicate and tax adviser, received an urgent call from Galbreath, who was at the time in Miami. The gist of the call: go over and sign up Ribot or get us out of the deal altogether. Three days later Mohnsey drew up a proposed contract between Galbreath and the Italians. Within two weeks he was flying the Atlantic with the contract and Galbreath's down-payment check for \$30,000, and on March 9, in the private offices of Geneva's Banque de Financement, after a simultaneous scratching of fountain pens, he handed over the \$50,000 check and dashed off to his hotel to phone Galbreath the good news.

When Ribot reaches Lexington's 400-acre Darby Dan Farm next year (the same farm that was once known as Idle Hour, the home of champions bred by the late Colonel E. R. Bradley), he will occupy a stall between Swaps and Summer Tan. With Galbreath reserving 15 seasons for his own mares, the rest of Ribot's book

*continued*



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will be filled by mares of other breeders. Here, too, the terms are extraordinary: \$10,000 per season on a no-return basis with no guarantee of a live foal. "No definite list of other breeders has been drawn up yet," says Galbreath. "Before we had any stallions of our own a lot of fine people gave us a chance to breed to their horses. Now we intend to reciprocate."

Best bet is that many of those who will accept chances to breed to Ribot will emerge from the breeders already on the Swaps breeding list. They are Mrs. H. C. Phipps, Ogden Phipps, George M. Humphrey, Calumet Farm, Greentree Stable, Mrs. John R. H. Thouron, Mrs. E. S. Moore, Leslie Combs, Admiral Howard Flanagan, Raymond and Winston Guest, George Widener, Fred Hooper, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth (Liz Whitney) Person, W. Alton Jones, Paul Mellon, Howell Jackson and Rex Ellsworth. In addition to these—and others obviously will show a marked interest—five stud services a year to Ribot will be made available to the Italian corporation now managing him. Ribot's book will be filled by about 35 mares a year.

For all the happy prospects of Ribot's successful stud career in the U.S., there is more than the usual amount of ifs and buts for the critical American breeder. Ribot, as Galbreath points out, will introduce new strains and nicks to current U.S. lines. In Galbreath's own case, where the domination of Hyperion blood in 28 of his 77 mares makes it inadvisable to breed them to any of his other stallions (to do so would risk excessive inbreeding), Ribot's success at Darby Dan will depend to a large extent on his mating with outcross mares (an outcross mare is one who has dissimilar bloodlines from those of the stallion to whom she is being mated). "Khaleel, Nasrullah, Blenheim, Sir Gallahad and Bull Dog, just to name a few," says Farm Manager Olin Gentry, "all made good on outcross mares, so Ribot should have the same chance."

Ribot's speed comes through his dam, Romanella, and her blood of El Greco, Pharos and Phalaris. The staying line on top, through the sire Tenerani, is not noted for speed. "The sort of mares we have in mind for Ribot," says Gentry, "are the heavy-set compact kind with charac-

teristics of both speed and stamina."

Other drawbacks which the potential breeder to Ribot must contemplate involve the timing of his stud career. When he reaches U.S. shores next summer, Ribot will have completed four seasons at stud—one in England and three in Italy—and his first crop will just be getting to the races. Those on the Galbreath band wagon may tend to disregard the showings of Ribot's first few racing offspring on the ground that some of the mares bred to him abroad may have been of inferior quality. Other critical observers, however, may not take such a lenient view if the get of a supposedly superior horse are not immediate successes at the races. It is, as Galbreath admits, a tremendous gamble, but no more of one than he himself undertook when he obligated himself for five annual payments of \$270,000 each, as well as insurance premiums to cover the full \$1,350,000. For the five-year lease these premiums will total approximately \$164,000.

#### WONDER HORSE OR NOT?

If Galbreath is eventually going to make money on the Ribot deal—and there is no earthly assurance that he ever will—there are three possible ways and means: selling enough seasons at \$10,000 to cover his personal costs and expenses; selling Ribot yearlings; or reaping future rewards in the form of rich purses by Ribot offspring.

Lastly, of course, there are those who critically question not only the over-all strength of Ribot's pedigree but also whether or not he is the wonder horse he is supposed to be. Thirteen of his 16 races, they may point out, were in Italy against inferior rivals. His only classic victory in England, a five-length win in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth stakes at Ascot over a mile and a half, was registered—through no fault of his own—over a field which the British themselves sadly admit was not up to the standards of this great race. His second Arc de Triomphe, his last start (SI, Oct. 15, 1956), was undoubtedly his best effort against the best field he ever faced. After that race the late Evan Shipman, a leading racing authority of his day, wrote from Paris in *The Morning Telegraph*: "This is one of those rare Thoroughbreds in the history of the turf who give their name to an epoch, their superiority so evident that even the

continued



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**RIBOT** *continued*

best of contemporaries are dwarfed in any comparison, relegated to a completely different order."

Perhaps the greatest contributing factor to the everlasting survival of Thoroughbred racing is the fact that breeding—even after the vast amount of research that has gone into it—is still a precariously inexact science. Because of this there can never be a guarantee that a Ribot, a Swags, a Summer Tan—or even a Citation or Man o' War—could ever produce a son quite his equal. "If this was an exact science," says Olin Gentry, "the whole game would have been over long ago."

As he was saying it he looked out



GREATEST RACE for Ribot was his last, a second victory in the Arc de Triomphe.

across the filly yearling paddock at Darby Dan Farm. A dozen or more future mates for Ribot pressed close against the car. Gentry looked at his boss and waved his arm in a wide circle. "Mr. Galbreath," he exclaimed, "if there isn't a runner in this bunch there's no point in breeding to good horses."

John W. Galbreath, master of Darby Dan, nodded, turned to a friend and smiled: "It's just as I said before. All we want to do is to raise some good horses. It's just as simple as that." He said it with a happy, confident glint in his eye—knowing just as well as the next man that at the end of his five-year lease the wonder horse Ribot will either be a gold mine or else his owners won't be able to give him away.

END

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COACH RICHARD GLENDON AT COLUMBIA

## He Swept the River

**Yesterday . . . Dick Glendon  
used psychology and invention  
to develop great college crews**

**W**HEN Richard A. (Old Dick)  
Glendon died on July 8, 1956,  
in the calm of a Cape Cod twilight,  
the word went out to U.S. naval craft  
around the world. His death marked  
the end of an era.

For a quarter of a century Glendon  
was Navy's coach of rowing. Beginning  
in 1904, his eight-oared shells  
were generally conceded to be among  
the best ever turned out in this or  
any other country. But Glendon's  
victories were not confined to Navy.  
In the mid-'20s he went to Columbia,  
where, as aide to his son Dick,  
he helped lift the Light Blue out of  
the wash of eastern rowing. His 1920  
Navy crew won for the United States  
its second Olympic eight championship.  
The Glendon Navy and Columbia  
crews won six Poughkeepsie Regattas  
despite the fact that Navy  
competed at Poughkeepsie only once  
before 1921.

Glendon's crews were beautiful  
things to watch. Using the handsome  
Glendon stroke, which many believe  
was the first truly distinctive rowing

*continued*



"Whatcha plannin'?"

"Not plannin', dar—plantin',  
Seeds."

"Seeds? What for?"

"To raise food."

"You don't raise food, my pet.  
You sell it."

"But, darling, this is something  
new. Some day they'll call it  
'agriculture'."

"You don't say. Agriculture,  
eh? When?"

"Just a few short million  
years."

"Say, that's about when folks'll  
be sayin' a wonderful,  
Old-B world-famous beer with  
their food. Called Prior."

"Good name."

"Good beer. And good  
grawing!"



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DICK GLENDON *continued*

style ever developed in this country, they swept far back so that they seemed to be lying on their backs, then snapped forward sharply. It was a precise and rhythmic display, made the more impressive by the studied, low beat the boat generally kept.

Glendon was of a rugged race of oldtime masters that included Cornell's Charles Courtney, Syracuse's Jim Ten Eyck, Columbia's Jim Rice, Pennsylvania's Ellis Ward and Joe Wright, MIT's Bill Haines, Washington's Hiram Conihair and Wisconsin's Harry Vail. There were no academic degrees in the list, but these men believed with what today seems almost a naive faith that they instilled in their boys much that could not have been learned in any classroom or lecture hall. With the exception of Conihair (who died in a fall from a cherry tree) they all lived to a ripe old age. This was at a time when sober-faced medical men warned that strenuous rowing hurt the heart. On the contrary, the coaches insisted, rowing made the heart grow stronger. Medically they may have exaggerated, but the men all had rowed incomparably more miles than any of their oarsmen (theirs was the day when coaches accompanied their crews in single sculls), and they went swinging into their 70s and 80s enjoying every minute of it.

Old Dick Glendon was one of the strongest of the breed, one of the most exacting and, once you had penetrated his crusty, Cape Cod exterior, one of the most likable. He was also something of an imperious—and accurate—judge of character. In his first year at Annapolis, for instance, out of 50 to 60 midshipmen who reported to him for practice, he singled out one after only a half hour.

"I don't know anything about you, young man," said the new coach who was not very old then himself, "but you are my stroke oar. I think you're a leader." Glendon was right. He turned out to be a great stroke. He also became Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander of the Pacific Fleet during World War II.

Like other great coaches of his age, Glendon grew up around the water. Born in Harwich on Cape Cod in 1870, the son of an English sailor, he went to sea as a Grand Banks fisherman at the age of 13. At 19 he went to Boston and got a job at the old Boston Athletic Association boathouse



on the Charles River. During the days he coached schoolboys, and in the evenings he repaired boats and tinkered with rigging. With insight that became almost instinct, he studied methods by which the legs, arms and lozges of men might join with oars, sliding seats and outriggers to make a racing shell go faster. He so impressed a group of influential people around the Charles that in 1904 they recommended him as the coach who could develop rowing at Annapolis.

#### A FAMILY CONCERN

At first he worked alone, but in later years he was aided by his sons, Richard J. and Hubert. Young Dick became his assistant at the Naval Academy, and in 1923 his successor there when Glendon retired to Cape Cod. Young Dick, after giving Navy a championship in 1924, went to Columbia as head coach. He coached his father along as an aide. When Columbia won the Poughkeepsie Regatta in 1927, Old Dick returned to Navy. He went back to Columbia in 1942 to assist Young Dick again and stayed on to help Hubert, who succeeded his brother in 1948 after Dick's death.

In its contrasting techniques, rowing has always been one of the most controversial of sports. The long-swinging Glendon stroke was a frequent subject of heated debate. For years its detractors said it took exceptional men to row the method used that Glendon had them at Navy. But it took the Glendons only one season to move Columbia from the deep doldrums into the brightest years of her long rowing history.

The so-called Glendon layback put a tremendous wallop on the finish of the stroke. It was a finish so deftly blended with the beginning of the recovery that its movement, done well, was quicker than the eye as the shell ran out between strokes carrying 1,600 pounds of rugged oarsmen.

In the brilliant decade that followed Navy's triumph in the 1920 Olympics, the Glendons were first at Poughkeepsie with Navy in 1921; first with Navy in 1922; second in 1923 behind Rusty Callow's Washington crew; first at Poughkeepsie in 1925; first with Columbia in the freshmen race at Poughkeepsie in 1926; first with the Columbia varsity in 1927. In 1929 Young Dick won with Columbia, and in 1931 Old Dick, back at Navy, won his last Poughkeepsie Regatta.

*continued*



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DICK GLENDON *continued*

I was with Glendon in the coaching boat early on the morning of the 1931 race. The crew had taken shape slowly that spring, and it was not picked to win or even to press the winners in this biggest race of all on the Hudson.

The crew paddled slowly upstream for its final warmup. Glendon finally called "Let 'er run!" and pulled the launch up close. He put down his coaching megaphone and spoke a few words in a voice just loud enough to be heard from bow to stern.

"We have been through a good deal together this season and last, you people and I," he said. "The experts don't think you are a good crew. Forget them. I know you are a good crew. You can win this boat race. You'll do. You're all right."

They won and became the fourth crew ever to row the Poughkeepsie four miles in under 19 minutes.

That was an example of the way in which Glendon coached. Glendon taught more than techniques. He conditioned men mentally. He toughened them. From him they learned the joy of tense, even bitter, competition in practice as in races. The daily workout of varsity, jayvees and freshmen, or plebes, more often than not turned into impromptu struggles.

"He could put his spirit into men without shouting, without driving," an old Columbia College oarsman recalled not long ago. "Glendon would hang up in your mind an objective, a great and wonderful prize, but one far beyond what you knew could be an attainable goal. He would do this in the early season. Subtly he would let you know he hoped you could achieve it, but of course you knew you could not. Then suddenly something mysterious seemed to happen within you and your crewmates. You began to feel perhaps you could reach that goal. On the day of the big race, Dick would say: 'Go ahead now. I'm sure you people can do it.' So you reached out and, sure enough, you had the ability to win the big one. That night at training table he would say: 'You people did well today. I thought you might do it.'

"Dick Glendon," he said, "taught me the most valuable lesson I learned at Columbia College. He taught me never to be afraid to reach out for a worthwhile goal. Since then I have never feared any man or any task. That was the way of the Old Man."

—ROBERT HARRON

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

## THE GREAT EAST-WEST TRACK CONTROVERSY

Sirs:

Maybe *The Midwest Has It* (SL, May 18), but Hamilton B. (Tex) Maule does not. He'd better spread some ointment oil on his head.

In the distance events, Maule neglects Oregon Freshman Dwyll Burleson (beat Laszlo Tabors in Drake mile) and America's best two-miler, Oregon Graduate Bill Dellinger. He forgets California University's half-miler Jerry Siebert and quarter-miler Jack Yerman and USC's 440-man, Bobby Staton. He fails to mention Los Angeles State broad jumper Joel Wiley and Oregon decathlon star Dave Edstrom; ex-collegian hurdlers Ansel Robinson (Fresno State) and Chuck Cobb (Stanford) and quarter-miler Mike Larabee (USC) are also worthy of note. Some of these athletes, in particular Wiley, Dellinger and Edstrom, appear almost sure things to make the U.S.-Soviet Union dual-meet team.

There's no doubt that track-and-field power is geographically more balanced than it has been in years. But California is still the land of milk and honey. The NCAA and AAU finals should convince all doubters.

PETER F. KYRIEL

Redwood City, Calif.

Sirs:

I am in complete agreement with Tex Maule that the Midwest does have it in track.

I would like to point out one additional point for our side. Listed by Maule among the men the Pacific Coast will probably provide for the duel with Russia this summer is Max Trues in the distances.

True, Trues is running for the University of Southern California at the present time, but if you check a little closer you'll find he is a transplanted Midwesterner. His home is actually Warsaw, Indiana. USC just stole him.

BILL SCHRADER

Sports Editor, *The News-Gazette*  
Champaign-Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

If the Midwest is getting any stronger in track it is because they are proselytizing athletes from California and the rest of the world, not because they are home-grown. We produce 'em, we don't steal 'em. I admit there are a few exceptions (Dallas Long, Max Trues, etc.), but in the majority Pacific Coast athletes are from the Pacific Coast.

P. J. YANICKS

Alameda, Calif.

Sirs:

So *The Midwest Has It*, eh? You're nuts.

The picture accompanying your article

is of Ernie Shelby of the University of Kansas. But Shelby is a product of southern California, where he went to high school and junior college.

The day Kansas can beat Southern Cal in the NCAA Championships, much less a dual meet, which would be more significant, is the day it will have a lot more Californians like Shelby on its track roster.

JOE JAMES

Managing Editor, *Daily Trojan*  
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Please, if the West just does manage to come through again—this time in track—make me happy by admitting you were wrong.

MYRL BECK

Stanford, Calif.

• Indeed we will.—ED.

Sirs:

There seems to be civil strife brewing, not over segregation between North and South but over sports between East and West. To all the loyal Californians, and a more chauvinistic group would be hard to find, could it be pointed out that their statements to the effect that the U.S. national track-and-field team will be composed mainly of men and women from the West (not designating Mid-, South- or Far) are self-contradictory? If a team is to be representing a nation it does not matter whether its members are Hawaiians or Rhode Islanders, wealthy heirs attending Yale or Harvard or street cleaners who belong to a local athletic club. The team will be composed of the best we have to offer at the time it is selected.

It is to be hoped that the fans at Franklin Field will also cheer the visitors from behind the Iron Curtain as lustily as our own athletes were cheered in Moscow last summer, although knowing our own national chauvinism in general and Philadelphia fans in particular, I doubt it.

CHARLES G. BLUMSTEIN

Philadelphia

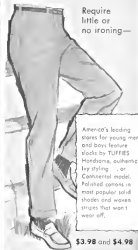
Sirs:

We Easterners heartily congratulate our fellow track "nuts" on the West Coast for the fine performances recorded during the initial running of the Mt. San Antonio relays (19th HOLE, May 18). We do, however, take exception to their claims that the Mt. San Antonio Relays were superior to both the Drake and the Penn relays held in the Midwest and the East on the same weekend. Both the Drake and Penn carnivals began as, and have continued to be through half a century of successful and intensive competition, exclusively college meets with college and university competition.

All the marks set in these meets were

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15TH HOLE continued

made by athletes who are enrolled as full-time students in some institution of higher education, and all as undergraduates.

It has been pointed out that the winning marks in nine out of 15 events at the Mt. San Antonio Relays were superior to those posted in the Drake and Penn relays. Now let us examine the status of the athletes who posted those nine superior marks. In four of those nine events the competitor was not an eligible college student. 1) Dellinger, the two-mile-run winner, is a member of the Air Force team; 2) Stokes, the winner in the hop, step and jump, competes for the Los Angeles Striders; 3) Long, the shotput victor, is a college freshman and would be ineligible in both the Penn and the Drake relays; 4) Balika, the discus throw winner, is a veteran of college competition who is presently competing unattached.

We feel that because the competition in the Mt. San Antonio meet was open to all registered amateur athletes regardless of status or affiliation, and because the Penn and Drake relays are limited to college varsity competitors, the West Coast meet cannot be fairly deemed superior to the other two. The Mt. San Antonio Relays are not in the same class with the Penn and Drake relays and, therefore, should not be compared to them.

We might also add that the Drake Relays produced a new national record in the sprint medley relay with Illinois' 3:17.8, and the Penn Relays contributed a national record in the 480-yard shuttle hurdles by Winston-Salem's 57.5. No national records were established in the Mt. San Antonio Relays.

JACK LINDEN  
TOM MENAKER

Duke University Track Team  
Durham, N.C.

Sirs:

If you will look up the records of past Olympics, you will find that eastern colleges, clubs and schools have had the largest representation on the Olympic teams and have also scored the most points.

I am referring to the eastern states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts and others.

As for Kansas, a midwestern school, they have invigiled a number of eastern high school stars to the Midwest; and in addition to Olympic Discus Champion Gertie, they now have Javelin Star Bill Alley, a Syracuse transfer from New Jersey, and Tom Skutka, miler, also from New Jersey.

J. E. RECK

Greensburg, Pa.

Sirs:

The Olympic track trials will, of course, precede next year's summer Olympics. And in the trials will come those inevitable and heartbreaking muscle cramps, off days, bumped hurdles, headaches, etc. which have kept and will keep world record holders off the squad.

I believe this situation can be easily remedied if the U.S. Olympic Committee immediately announces that only the first two finishers in each event of the trials qualify for the team. Then the committee could name a third automatic qualifier

in each event as a guarantee against a champion's off day.

MICHAEL CALVERT

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

I have read Tex Maule's track article (SI, May 4) and the anguished responses from your southern California readers (197th Hole, May 18) with much interest and enjoyment.

As chairman of our American AAU and Olympic Track & Field committees, I have no preference as to where the members of our national teams come from, whether for the Olympic team, which will compete against all the nations of the world in Rome in 1960, or for the team which will compete against the Russians in Philadelphia this July. Americans all, my only concern is that they be the best to represent the United States in these competitions.

However, as you have used the composition of the team which competed in Moscow last summer as a basis of comparison, it may be pertinent, to keep things in proper perspective, to point out that this team was not made up entirely of athletes from the Far West (including California) and the Midwest (including Texas). There were, after all, 12 representatives from the eastern seaboard (to 16 from the Midwest and Texas and 17 from the Far West) who scored 35 of the 116 points scored by the team in the individual events and furnished three of the eight members of our two winning relay teams.

Like everyone else, I enjoy reading each spring about the fabulous performances of our athletes all over the country and then comparing them with the results when these athletes get together for national championship competition later in the season. Because of the obvious fallacy of attempting any definitive comparison of performances made under totally different conditions and standards, our national teams are selected solely on the basis of man-to-man competition in a final tryout, rather than on the basis of newspaper clippings.

How did this work out at the Olympic Games at Melbourne in 1956? Of the 66 members of the team, 22 were from the Far West, 12 from the Midwest and Texas and 30 were from the East. This team won gold medals in 13 individual events and in the two relays, for the highest total scored by any nation in modern times. Of the individual gold medals, three were won by Far Westerners (O'Brien, Dumas and Richards, who originally came from the Midwest), five were won by Midwesterners and Texans (Morrow, two; Glenn Davis, Bell and Calhoun, who did all his competing for an eastern school), and Easterners accounted for five (Jenkins, Courtney, Connolly, Campbell and Oster—the last two having also competed for midwestern schools).

Suffice it to say we are fortunate in having athletes from all parts of our country to call upon and in having such splendid athletes in every part of our country.

PINCUS SOHLER

Chairman  
U.S. Olympic and National  
AAU Men's Track & Field  
Committees

New York City



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